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No. 88

JULY

# CRAZY



## SUPER SPECIAL

**EXTRA FREE BONUS!**  
EVERYTHING YOU NEED TO PLAY:  
**DR. STRANGE'S**  
**GAME OF MYSTIC POWER!**

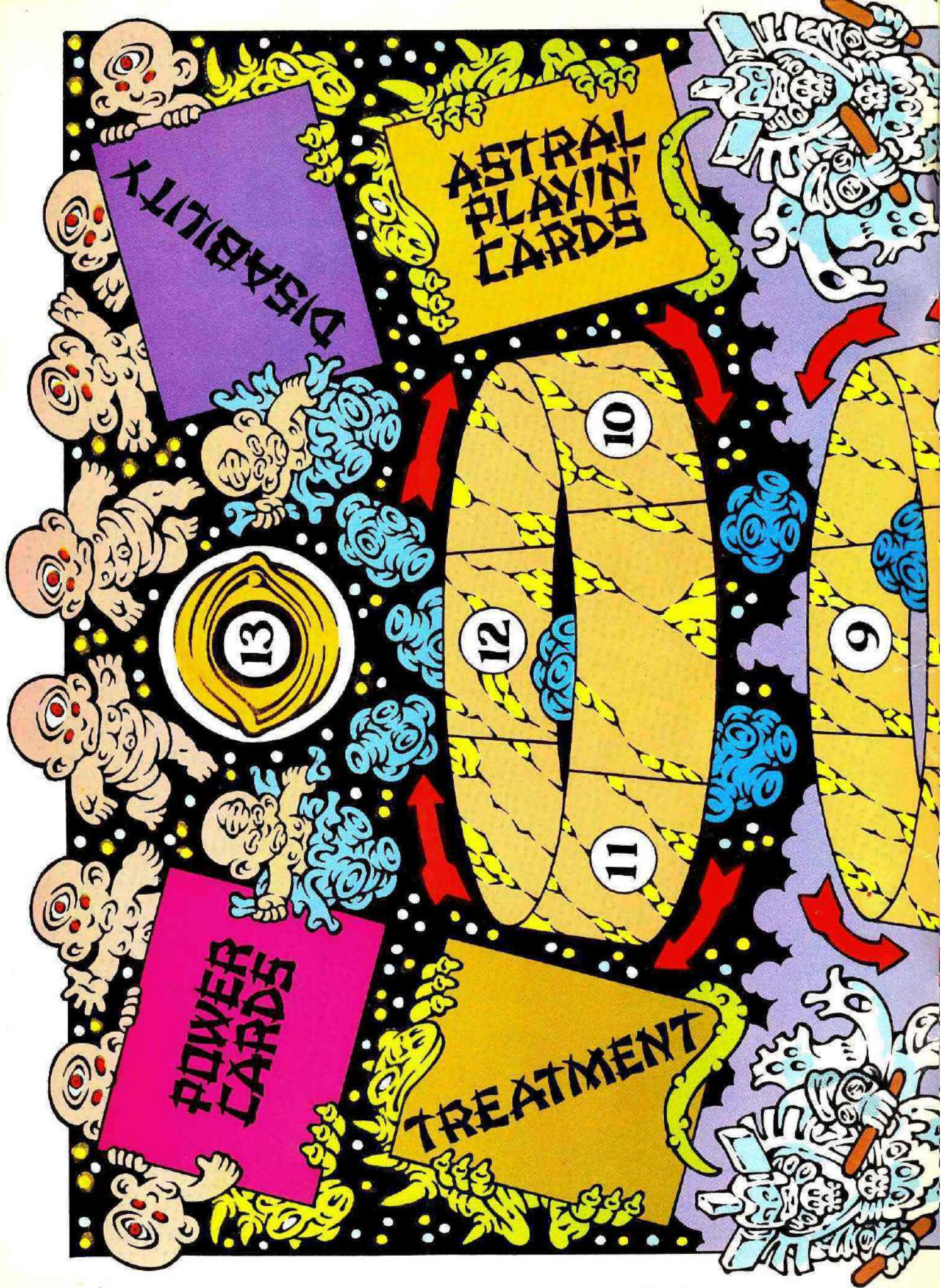


**PLUS:** THE INFAMOUS  
"DEATH OF PHOENIX"  
RE-LETTERED COMIC!  
**AND MINI-PARODIES**  
OF "GHOST STORY", "REDS",  
"VICE SQUAD", "NEIGHBORS",  
"SWAMP THING", "A STRANGER  
IS WATCHING", "WHOSE LIFE  
IS IT ANYWAY?", AND "MY  
DINNER WITH ANDRE!"

T.V. PARODY  
**"THE JEFFERSONS"**





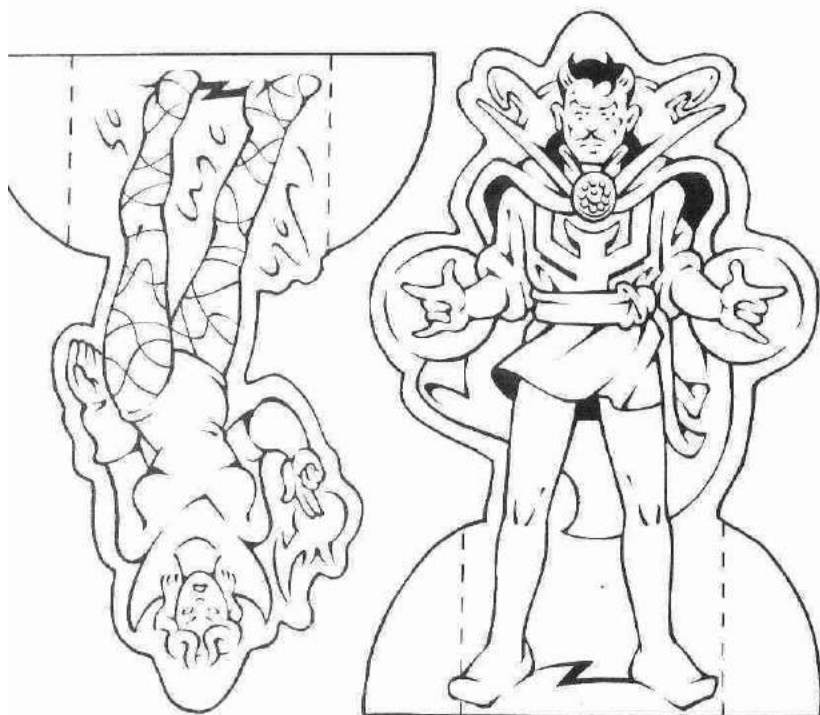




# STAN LEE presents **CRAZY** SUPER SPECIAL

Vol. 1 No. 88  
July 1982

**LARRY HAMA** editor  
**JIM OWSLEY** managing editor  
**JOE ALBELO** art director  
**MARIE SEVERIN** creative consultant  
**GRANT WISEGUY** proof reader  
**ELIOT R. BROWN** typography  
**BARRY SHAPIRO** cover production  
**THEA KERMAN** assistant counsel  
**STEVE MELLOR** cover artist  
**MARVIN M. MALLARD** cartoon editor  
**OBNOXIO THE CLOWN** complaints  
**NEAL ADAMS** doesn't work for us, but  
maybe having his name here will sell a few copies  
**JIM SHOOTER** editor-in-chief of grossly tall things  
**WRITERS & ARTISTS THIS ISSUE:**  
an unusually obstreperous bunch of berserker buffoons



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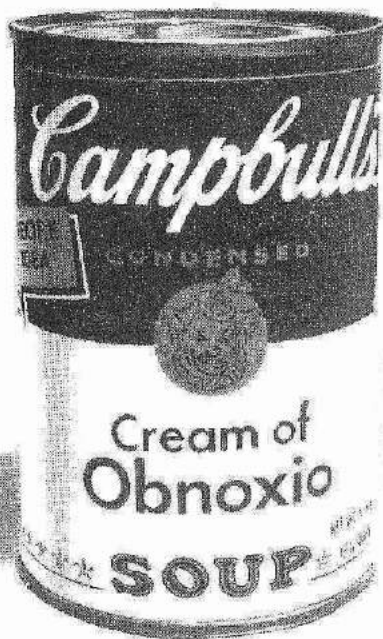
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## WOLF SOUP

Dear Crazy,

I just bought #84 of your terrific magazine. I thought your parody of *An American Werewolf In London* was very funny, a lot funnier than "The Yowling" [issue #80] was. And I liked *The Eleventh Hour Special's* version of *Bette Davis Eyes*. I also liked "Insult Football", and "Crazy Looks At The Super Bowl". And I wouldn't mind visiting "Obnoxio's Funland" some day (that is, if it really existed). By the way, as good looking as that [soup can] was on the cover, why didn't you make a *Looney Label* in issue #79 of it?

Obnoxio Jr.  
Anthony Parks  
Pulaski, VA.

Dear Crazy,

Your story "An American Werewolf In London" was *fantabulous*! Dirk McGirk's Report was hilarious as usual, and "Walkmania" was a masterpiece! The *Gross Encounters* were good, but better when Joe King did the art. *Teen Hulk* was better! I don't care what some idiot says about too many Hulks. "Insult Football" and "Crazy Looks At The Super Bowl" were excellent (I've always hated football). I listen to the radio a lot, so I always enjoy *Behemoth Jack*. *The Kinetic Kids* worked (and very well done). When will

"Obnoxio The Clown's Funland" be under construction? Crazy Contest #8 was okay. *Fantasy Vs. Reality* was great as always. I loved doing *Obnoxio's Fun Pages*! Auntie Nuke was funnier! Of all the stories "The Tonaught Show" was well-written, but, I always did think Kent Gamble drew like a rat with ink on its paws!

I liked the covers: "Cream Of Obnoxio Soup?" Watta riot! My mother said she'd see if she'd pass it by. The "Paper-Smelling Paper" was very amusing! So was the comic by Spurling.

Now, is my check in the mail?

Davey St. Clair  
Rock Hill, S.C.

It most certainly is.—Ed.

Dear Crazy,

I think issue #84 was great. "American Werewolf..." was lousy. Obnoxio made me sick (his "Funland" should be condemned). The *Gross Encounters* were ignorant. I ripped up *Teen Hulk*, *The Kinetic Kids*, *Insult Football*, *The Tonaught Show*, and *Auntie Nuke*. Otherwise, #84 was good.

James Kirkman  
Bedford, IN.

Uh, gee...thanks...?—Ed.

Dear Obnoxio and Friends,

Issue #84 was perfect, especially "An American Werewolf In London", where you had the dead people singing (loved it) and the goryness of Jerk's face (beautiful). The second best thing was Dirk McGirk's *English Report* (just dandy) pages 6 and 7 especially.

As for all those un-American commies who insult your mag, they should be tied to a

revolving door and be forced to listen to Lawrence Welk!

David Hall  
Malden MA.

Similar sentiments were penned by Cline Wyman of Potts Camp, MI.; Paul Moreira of San Jose, CA.; and Missy Anderson of New Lexington, OH.—Ed.



## ANIMATED ACCLAIM

Dear Crazy Magazine,

I liked issue #84, it was excellent. You should have more of *The Kinetic Kids* in your magazine. You should also get rid of those dumb *Fun Pages*. I feel like ripping them up.

Todd Hammerschmidt  
Wauwatosa, WI.

Dear Crazy,

I thought your issue #84 was great, especially "Insult Football" and *The Kinetic Kids*. They were both hilarious.

Randy Ehrler  
Sycamore, IL.

Dear Crazy,

I just had a great idea—I'll flush my kid brother down the toilet. Wait just a sec... nope, the toilet don't want him either.

Theresa O'Shea  
Boston, MA.

Dear Crazy,

Disregard this letter. Ignore it completely. It doesn't have any significance whatsoever.

Theresa O'Shea  
Boston, MA.

P.S.—I told you not to read it.

Dear Crazy,

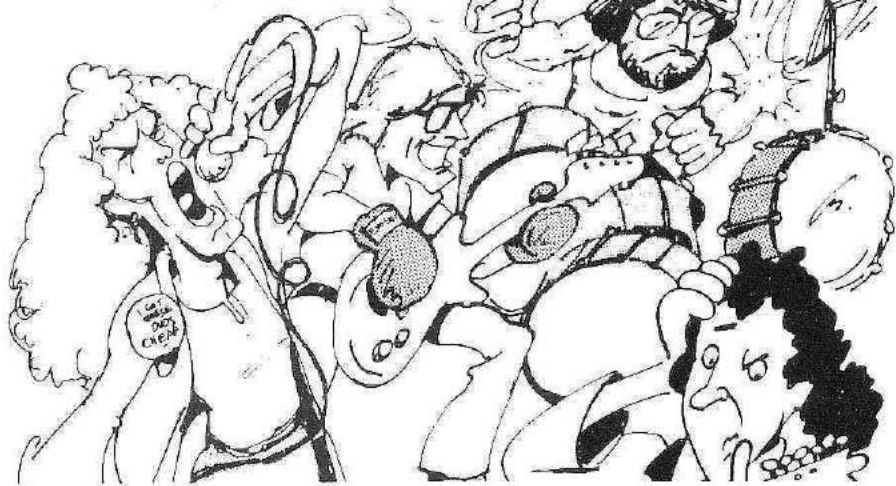
Have I written enough letters to be in *Crazy* yet?

Theresa O'Shea  
Boston, MA.

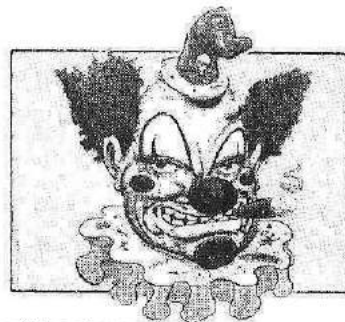
Nope.—Ed.







## OBNOXIO'S ABUSE COLUMN



Dear Slimeface,

You gotta be the ugliest clown on the face of the earth. Did your mother tattoo your name on your arm so you could remember it? You're more worthless than a bucket of turtle barf. Boy you're smart! You've got two brains; one's out looking for the other one. You smell worse than a room full of dead fish. By the way, do you want to lose 10 pounds of ugly fat? Lob off your head!

Frank & John Guzzardi  
and Sue Dwyer  
Waterbury, CN.

Y'know, it's little runts like you who give kids a bad name. I mean, all three of you gangin' up on poor ol' Obnoxio, insultin' my dear old mom an' sayin' mean things about me. Well, hear this you little pinheads, I know why it took all three o' you t'write me. First of all, yer combined I.Q. don't equal yer shoe size, and it took all three of ya t'save up enuff money fer th' stamp.

What's th' matter, ain'tcha dads got no jobs? Or is th' bum just cheap? Do ya all live together an' pool yer underwear? I ain't even gonna talk about yer mom; I'm sure he's a swell guy. Does yer mom still work in th' car wash? Does she still mud wrestle th' family dog in her spare time? What else does she do with th' dog? Does she dress it funny, too? Does she lock you people in a dark closet fer days? Do ya like closets? Say, here's a fun thing t'do... why don'tcha all run into a nice, dark closet an' hold yer breath. Just fer fun. —O.T.C.

Address all hate mail to "Obnoxio's Abuse Column" c/o the address below (and if you send us your picture, he'll make fun of that, too!). —Ed.

Warning: Sending letters to this column indicates the sender's willingness to be abused. Publicly. Where all the sender's friends and relatives can see. Yup. Right here. And, if you don't include your name and address, we won't even consider possibly getting around to look at it. Nope.

## MEAN GREEN FAN MAIL

Dear Chester Weems,

*Teen Hulk* in issue #84 was great except for one thing: Why did you waste your time at a roller disco?? I mean, disco is dead! It's been dead for two years now! The thing that's in is Heavy Metal! *AC/DC! Van Halen! The Blue Oyster Cult!* Come on, you don't wanna be a geek, do ya?

An Ardent Heavy Metal Fan,  
Mr. X

Dear Crazy,

I loved your issue #84 with "An American Werewolf In London". Dirk McGirk's Essay was great. The *Kinetic Kids* was a shocker. But *Teen Hulk* was weirder than my stupid brother.

Mike Lawrence  
Valpo, IN.

Dear Crazy,

Your magazine is so dumb! Where do you get those crazy ideas?! From the nut house? I'm going to call the cops and have you people arrested!

Furthermore, how dare you malign the great Stan Lee by associating his name with that inane *Teen Hulk*?? You should be ashamed—no, you should be shot!

Cathy Wojtowicz  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Before you load your rifle, Cathy, we think you should know the *Mean Green Teen* was Stan The Man's own little brainstorm. Yep, he came racing into our offices two years ago with a wide grin plastered across his face, and ordered —er, suggested we do the strip, which was then created by Larry Hama and Marie Severin.

—Ed.

## STRANGE LETTERS FROM GIRLS

Gentlemen,

I think you owe the rock and roll world an apology for when you referred to *Led Zepelin* as "Dead Zeppelin". You said the name fits the band because their careers have been moving like one in the past five years.

I don't know if you realize that on July 26, 1976, Robert Plant's son died of a stomach virus, thus causing the band to slow down to almost a complete halt.

After the release of their latest album, "In Through The Out Door" in 1979, drummer John Bonham died.

The group has since officially ended, and if the remaining band members stay together, it will be under a different name.

Please check your facts and try to keep from insulting your readers and the band members' families again, or you will face a drastic loss of sales.

Carol Schermerhorn  
Hampden, MA.

Fools,

I hate your magazine. It is so stupid. Issue #84 was really bad. How can anyone buy that stuff? I was ready to flush it down the toilet, but my mom caught me. So, I threw it out.

Hate you always,  
Sara Doefer  
Rochester, MI.

Crazy,

Your stupid idiots! I hate you! You should die! I'd sue you, but I'm only 9! The only thing in your magazine I like is the hate mail! You people should be put in jail!

Karen Wojtowicz  
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Crazy,

Your "Moron" contest winners (issue #84) must all know my husband. I didn't even know he has friends in the U.S.!

Katy Mulder  
Toronto, Ontario



PLEASE ADDRESS Letters  
to **CRAZY MAGAZINE**  
C/O MARVEL COMICS GROUP  
375 MADISON AVE.  
NEW YORK, NEW YORK 10022



Time was you could get invited to a boring evening at your ugly relatives' house for a showing of home movies. This meant sitting for hours in a cramped, stuffy little room. At least it was free. Now they charge you five bucks a shot for the same brand of torture in places like the...

Jeepers, Harley... I sure do wanna see dem movies, but I got no monies!

Don't worry, Dead-Head—I'll take care o' yuz...

NEIGH-BORES  
NICE SQUAD

MY BRUNCH WITH ANDRE  
WHO'S LIFE, HUH?

GROSS STORY

A STRANGER IS KVETCHING

PINKOS

SUMP-THING

MORE MOVIES  
THAN YOU WOULD  
EVER WANT  
TO SEE!

NOW SHOWING

NEIGH-BORES

SUMP-THING

NICE SQUAD

GROSS STORY

A STRANGER IS KVETCHING

PINKOS

NOW SHOWING

A STRANGER IS KVETCHING

WHO'S LIFE, HUH?

PINKOS

MY BRUNCH WITH ANDRE

Writer: Larry Hama

Artist: Bob Camp

Whuddid I tell ya, Dead-Head? 'At's yoozin' da ol' brains, huh?

Gee, an' I thot you wuz just fat an' smelly.

EXIT ONLY

Dis is dat weirdo movie "Neigh-Bores"!

Wow! It's Kathy More-Or-Less! Remember her from "Raging Bull-Twinkies"?

More! More! Hoot hoot arf arf snort wheeze!

Hey... what's that weird, funny-sounding music?

You mean this isn't a serious dramatic film like "1941" and "The Blues Brothers"?

That's to let you know that this is supposed to be a **comedy**!

No. It's got to be as funny as "Continental Divide"!

Wotta coupla goofy-lookin' dudes!

Yeah, I'm glad we don't look like that!

Lesse whut's in da next one...

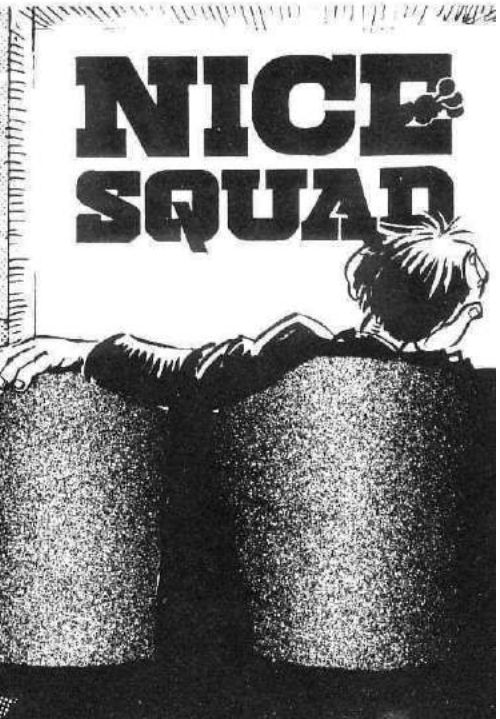
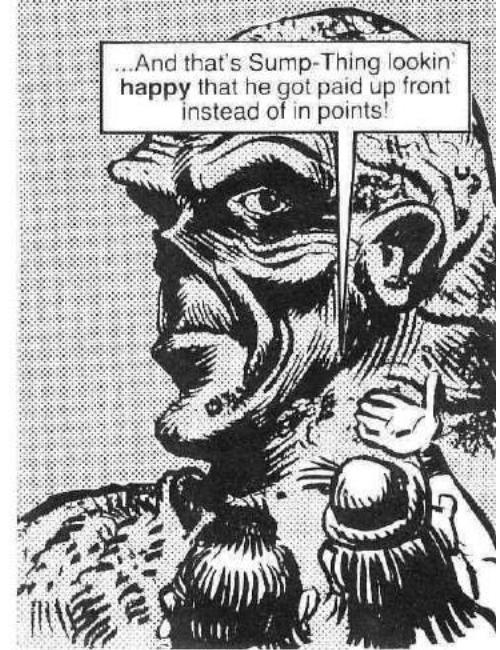
Hey! Where's the girl?

Wotta rip-off!

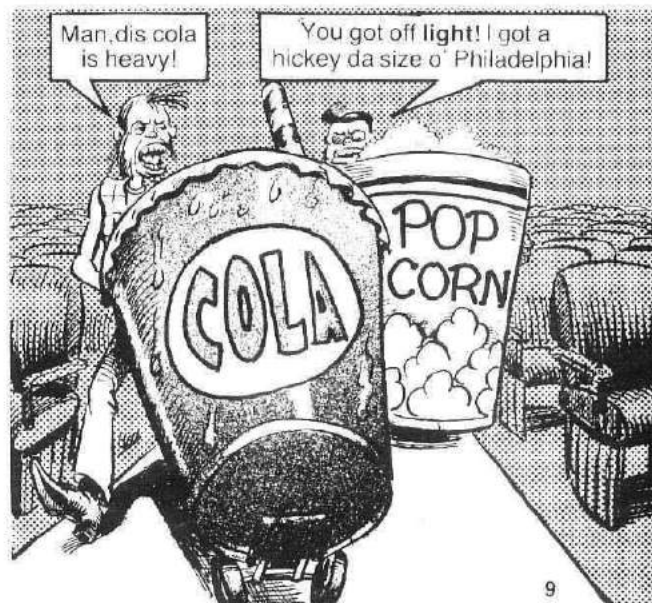
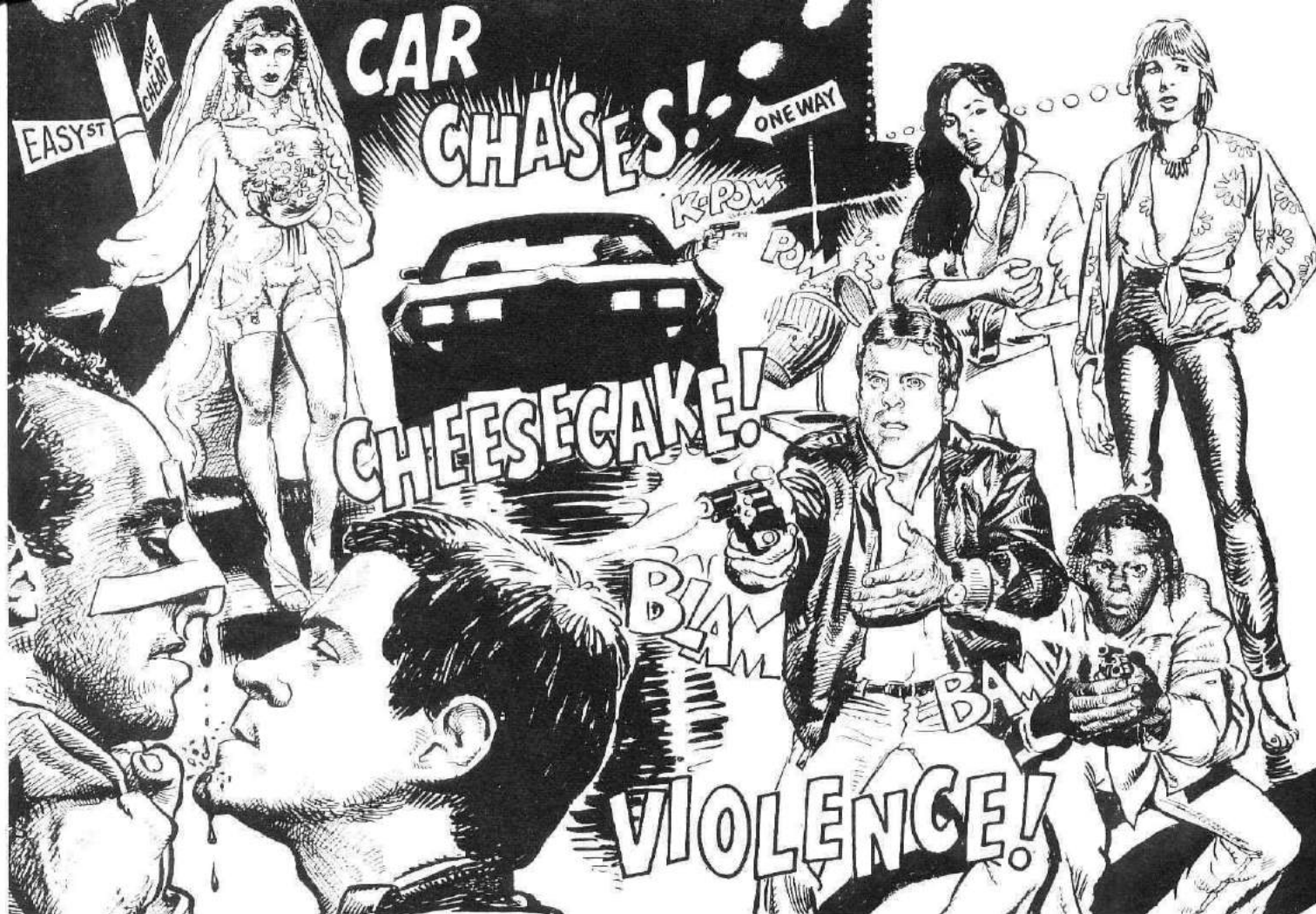




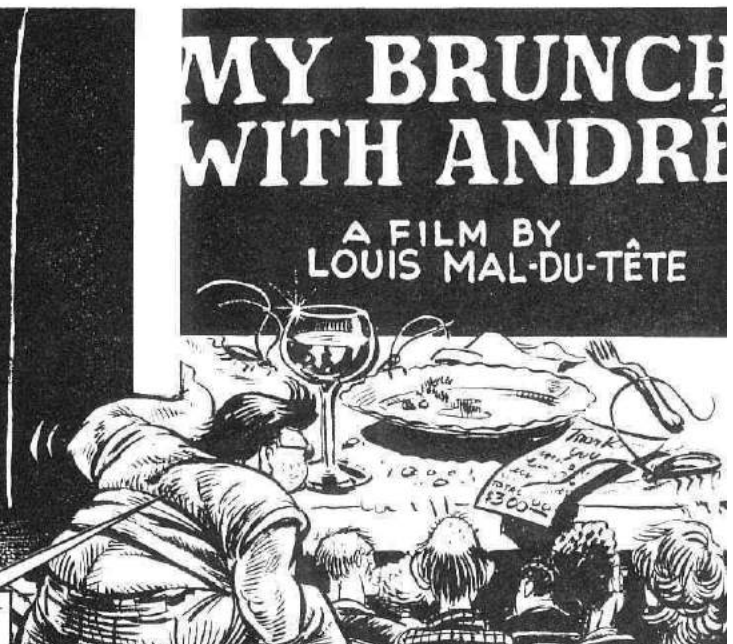














Man o' man, Dead-Head... this stuff's Super El-Snoozo! I'm talkin' Mondo Dullarama!

Aww, c'mon, Harley! Nuthin' could be half as dumb as...

...Pinkos!

Come to New York with me!

What as?

As a spatula!

What as?

As a roast chicken with a side order of fries!

What as?

As my chick!

Okay!

Come to New York with me!

What as?

A door-stop!

Oh yeah? Well getta eyeball o' "Hey, I Thought This Was Supposed To Be My Life, Wasn't It?"

See what I mean? Now what kinda sap would pay money t'see some guy lie around in bed? I can watch my old man do that fer nuthin'!

...stupid.

Yeah, lucky we sneaked in! If I'da paid t'get in here, right about now I'd feel awful...

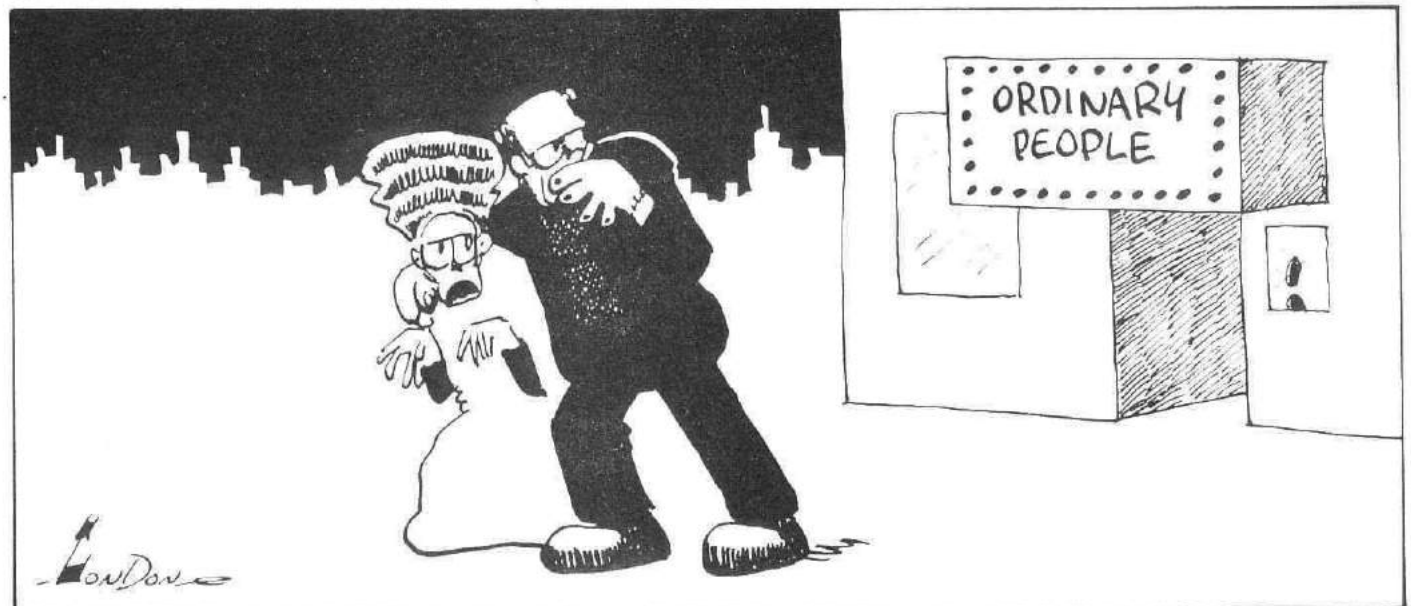
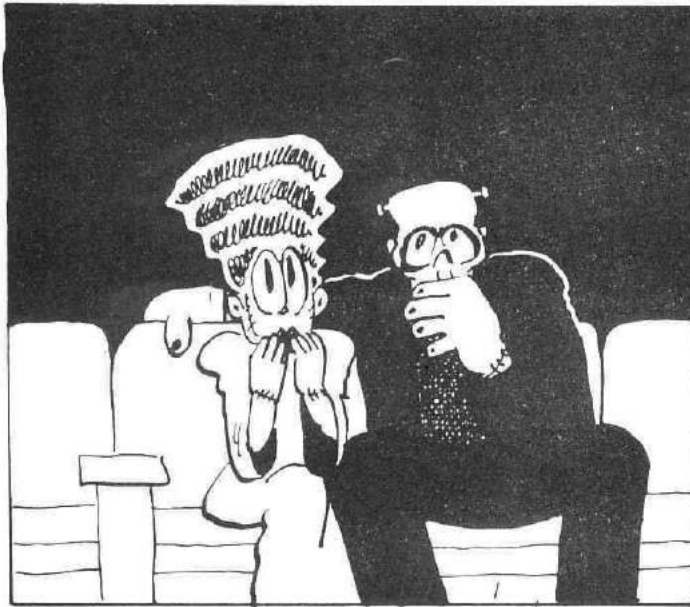
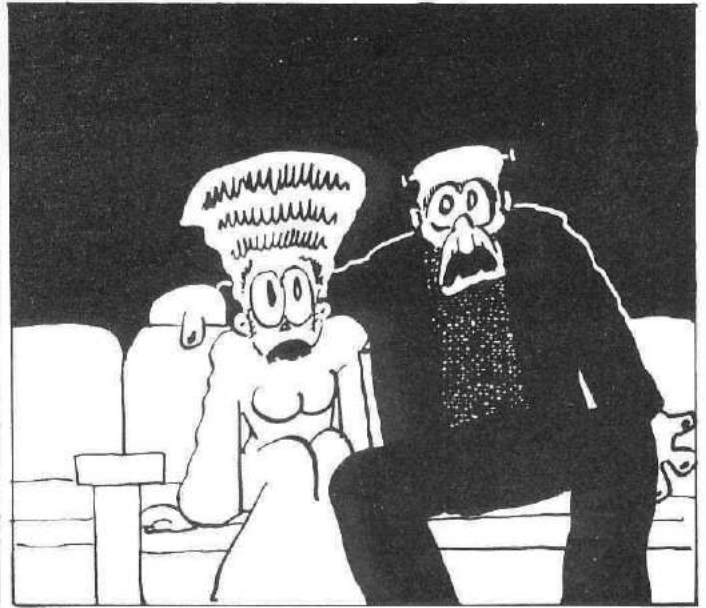
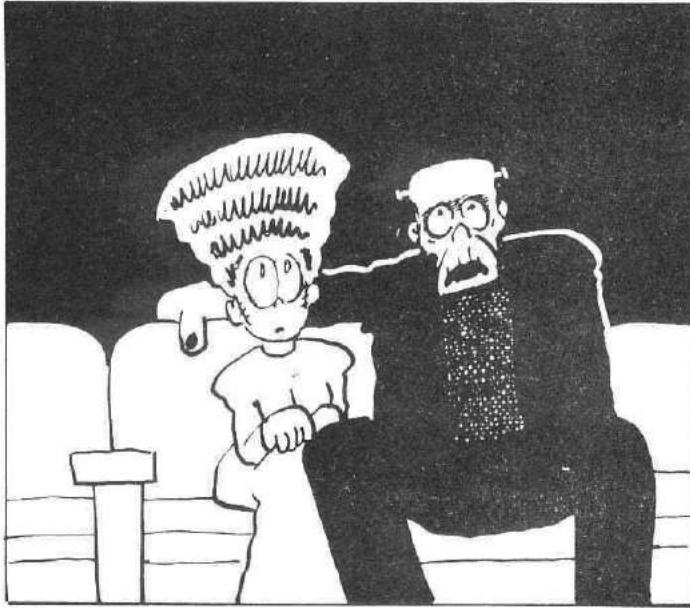
Y'know, Dead-Head, sometimes I wonder about you!

END



# CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 1

## A DATE AT THE MOVIES

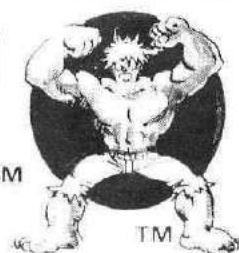






DUE TO A PROLONGED EXPOSURE TO A DEMENTED DENTIST'S GAMMA RAY CAVITY DECODER, CRAVEN NERD CHESTER WEEMS FINDS HIMSELF IN MOMENTS OF DIRE HUMILIATION, TRANSFORMED INTO A TUNDRA TOPPED TITAN KNOWN AS...

# Stan Lee PRESENTS: TEEN HULK!™



STORY: JAMES OWSLEY ART: GARY HAUGREN





I REALLY HATE DEALING WITH BRUNO!  
HE TOOK MY WHOLE WEEK'S ALLOWANCE  
AND THREE OF MY BEST BASEBALL CARDS!



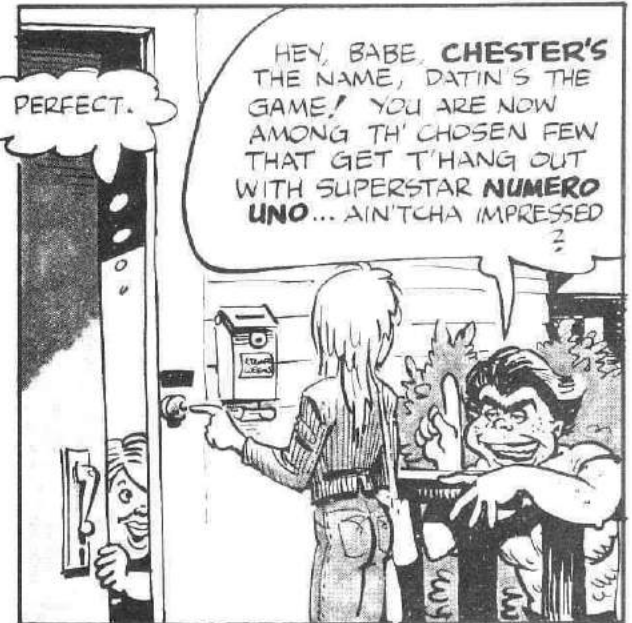
NOW ALL I HAD TO DO WAS KEEP OL'  
CHESTER BUSY FOR A MINUTE OR TWO...  
HE MAKES THESE THINGS SO EASY!



NOW FOR A LITTLE FANCY FOOTWORK...



PERFECT.



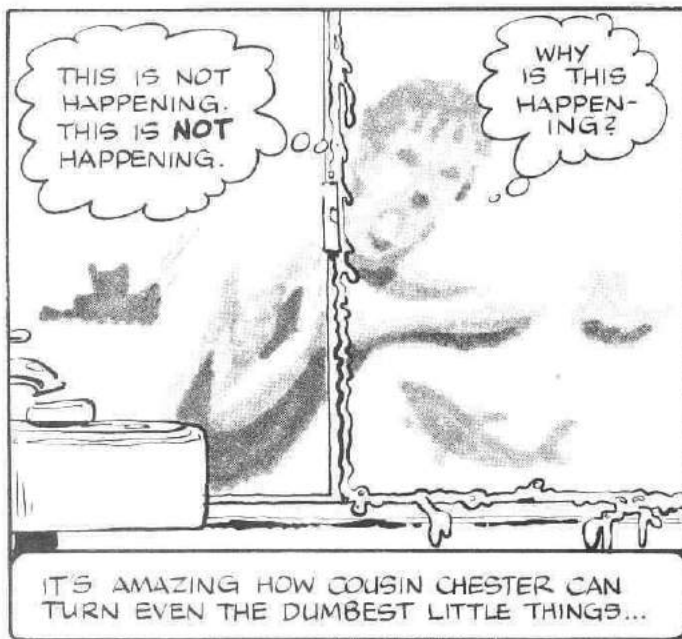
HERE'S WHERE STUFF STARTED TO NOT  
WORK OUT RIGHT...



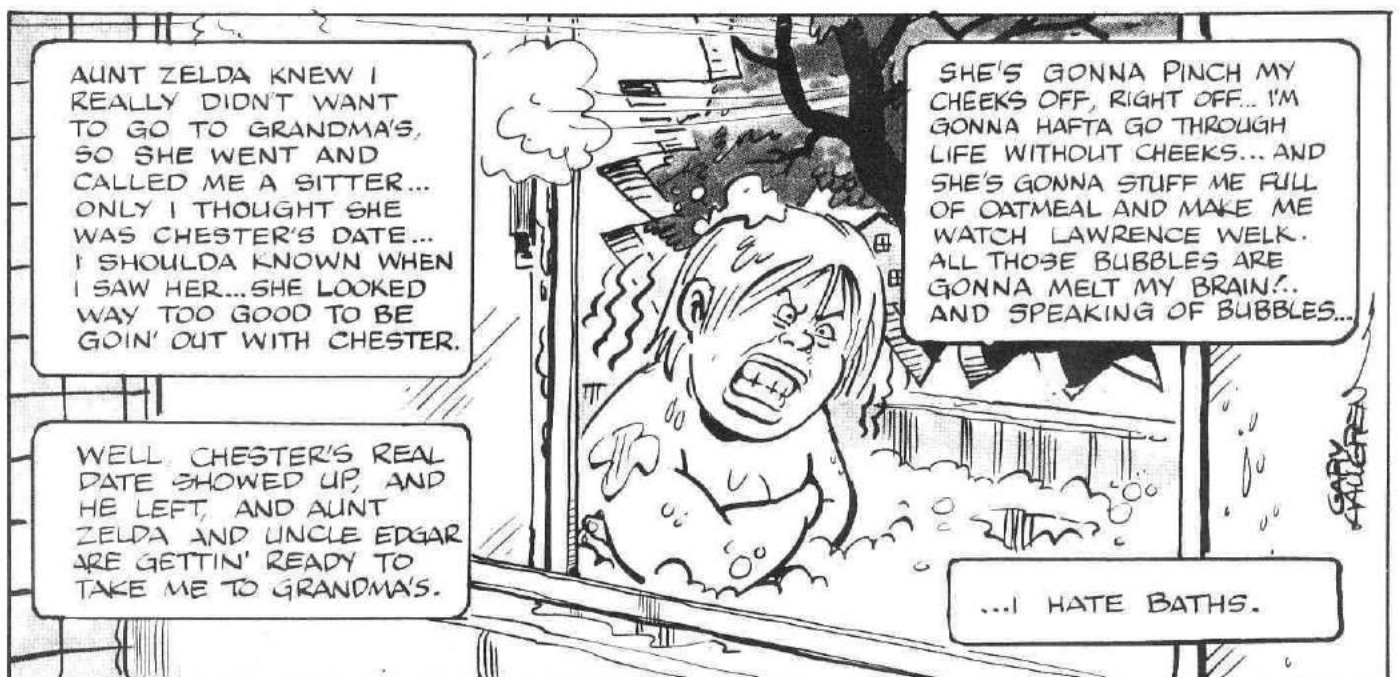
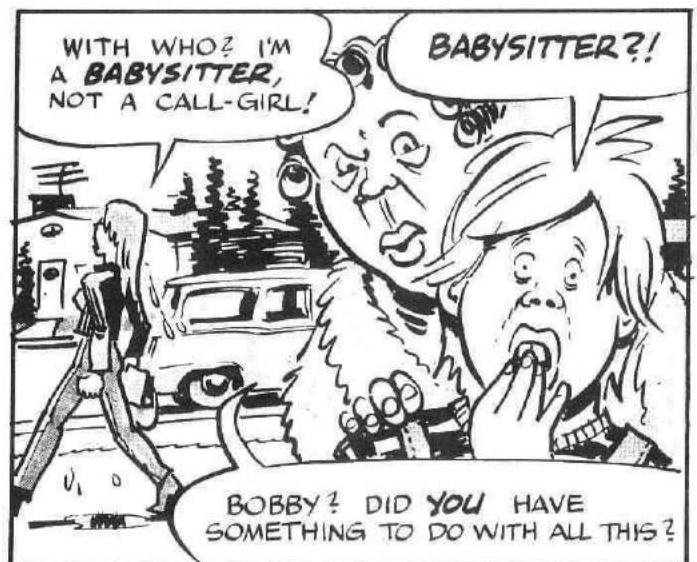
HEY, I'M THE MAN WITH TH' KEY  
TO YER IGNITION.' WHY DON'T WE  
START 'ER UP AND GO FOR A RIDE?!





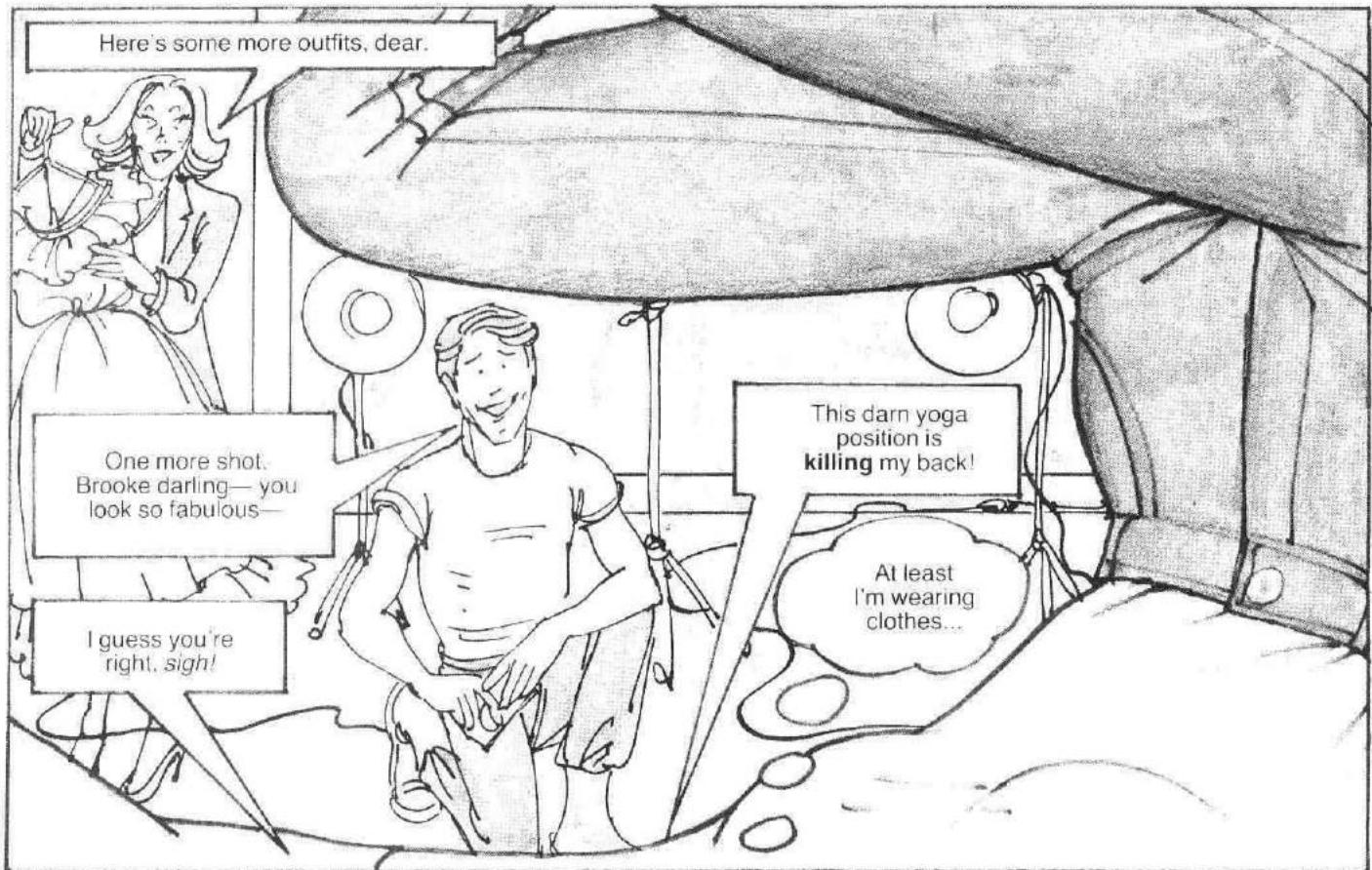




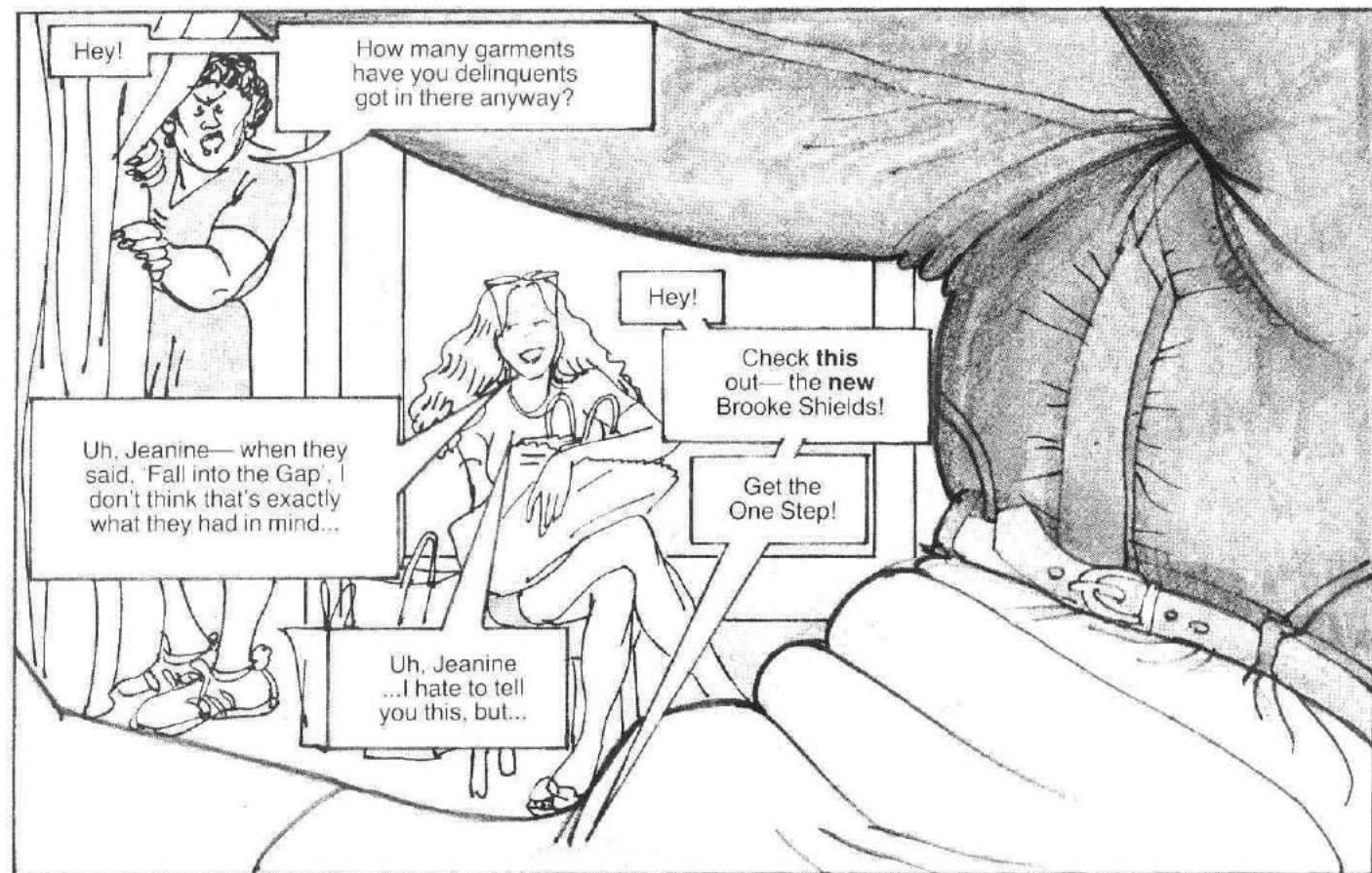




# THE FLATTERING FANTASY...



# ...AND THE FLABBY REALITY









# MATHEMATICS

Word problems 3 points each

at least you spelled your name right.

- 1) One day a fisherman had fish on four hooks at the same time. They weighed 9 pounds, 19 pounds, 20 pounds and 31 pounds. What was their total weight?

Work Area:

$$\begin{array}{r} 9 \ 280 \\ + 19 \ 300 \\ + 20 \ 420 \\ + 31 \ 450 \\ \hline 299 \end{array}$$

counting the fisherman.

Answer: 299

- 2) The battery for Roy's radio lasted 280 days. Jorge's battery lasted 35 fewer days. How long did the battery for Jorge's radio last?

Work Area:

$$280 - 35 = 245$$

long

Answer: 245

- 3) A truck carries 8 pigs at a time. How many loads will 96 pigs make?

Work Area:

$$96 \div 8 = 12$$

loads

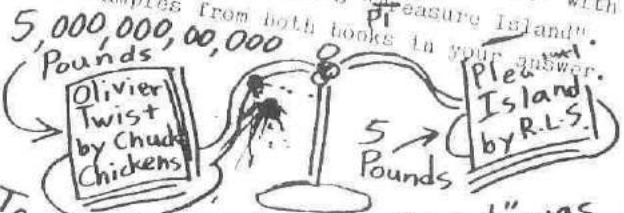
Answer: 12

# ENGLISH

Essay 30 points

Read, Think, Read!!!

Compare Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" with Robert Louis Stevenson's "Treasure Island". Use examples from both books in your answer.



To begin with "Oliver Twist" was much, much, much, thicker than "Treasure Island" which did not make me happy in the yeast. And to top it off on top of that the printing was so small it was minyskaol! "I could hardly see it," said Elsa (The Bridled Frankenberg) Ebert an ~~in~~ inate eye inate classmate with thick goggles.

# ENGLISH (continued)

Moving onto the characters; Both authors created gastly populatid whirlds of gread and corrupshun. Here are some of the characters:



# ENGLISH (continued)

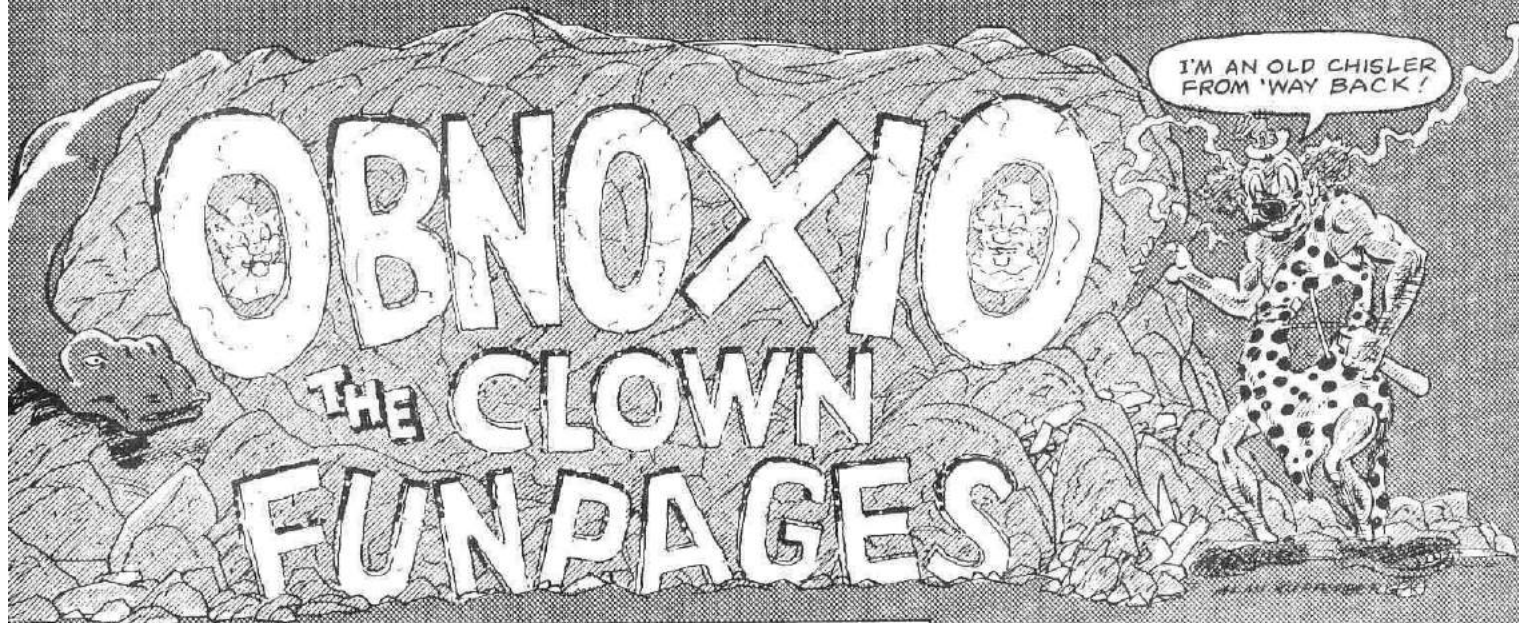
The only similariat between the too books was that Jim didn't Skwawk and Olivier didn't Twist!

THE ENDING  
BONIS!  
ONE MORE SIMILARIAT!!!!  
THERE WHITE!!!



that I have answered all questions to the best of my ability with no outside help whatsoever.

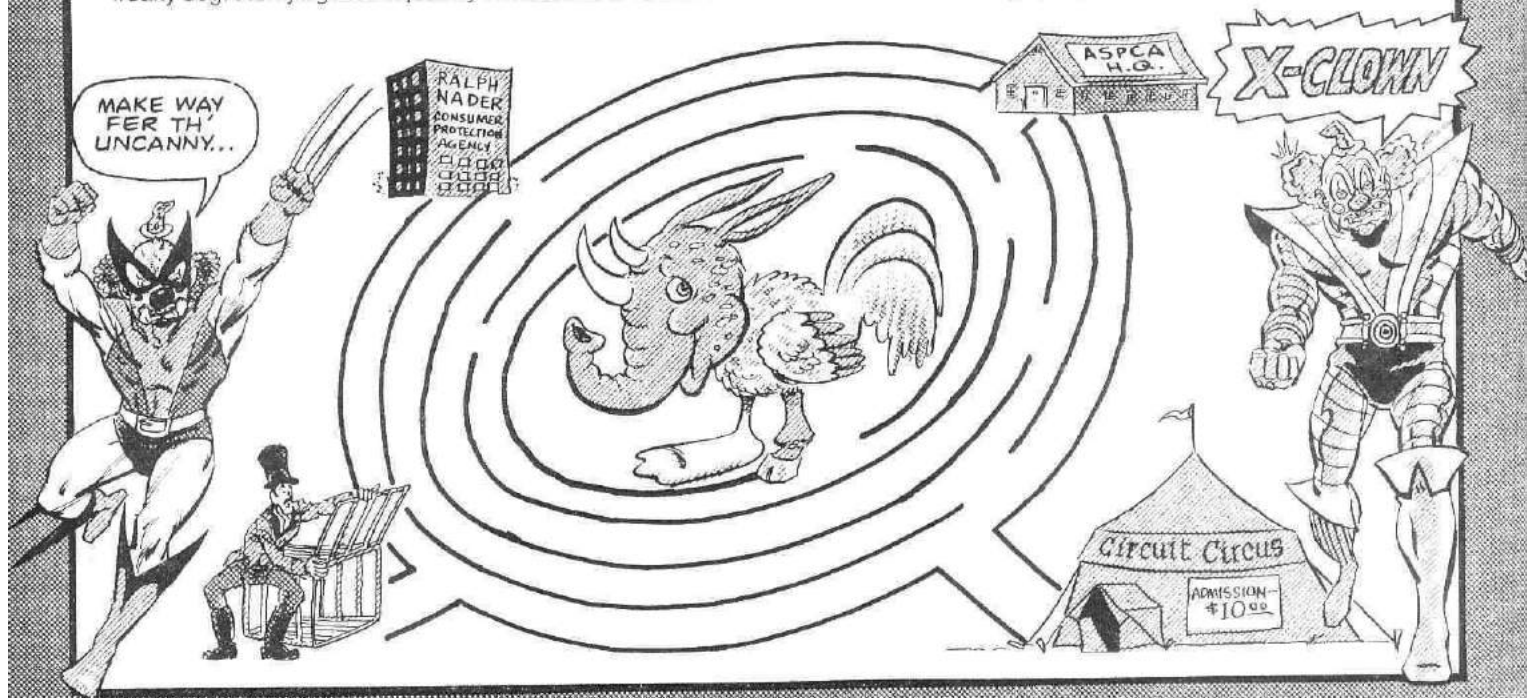




Writer: Virgil Diamond Artist: Alan Kupperberg

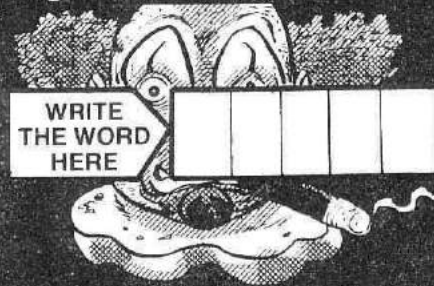
# MUTANT MAZE

Mrs. Smith's new microwave oven is defective, an' it accidentally leaked radiation onto her dog, Princess. Th' radiation musta' damaged th' dog's genes, 'cuz Princess began to look like a monster. Now it's yer job t' help th' circus owner capture th' freaky dog, then ya gotta help carry th' mutt into th' circus so the circus owner can charge people money to see this sorry sight.



THE  
WORD

Look at the picture below an' see if ya can determine what natural disaster wuz caused by th' heavy rain storm. H-I-N-T: The word you're lookin' for begins with th' letter F.

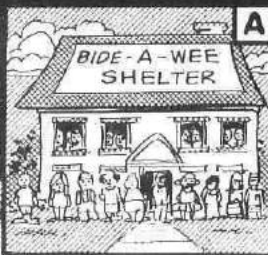




In real life, things don't always turn out th' way people would like 'em to, an' you'll know what I'm talkin' about after ya complete th' followin'...

# Mismatching Column

DIRECTIONS: Draw an arrow from th' picture on top to th' word which best describes th' picture.



1) DATE

2) MARRIAGE

3) DIVORCE COURT

4) ORPHANAGE

Answer: 1-D, 2-C, 3-B, 4-A



## GREAT PHONEY NAMES YOU CAN GIVE TO A SUBSTITUTE TEACHER

How to play: Just study these phoney names for a rainy day.



## "This Is My Favorite Picture OF The Month!"

--OBNOXIO THE CLOWN.

It was sent to me by John Senovich of Waynesville, MO. Now, he's my kinda guy!



King of CRAZY



## Obnoxio's Favorite Punchlines:

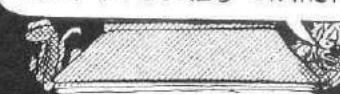
"With a crowbar!"

"A four with a six-pack!"

"...Not Tupper, some darn fool named Skinner!"

"I'm Blueberry Hill!"

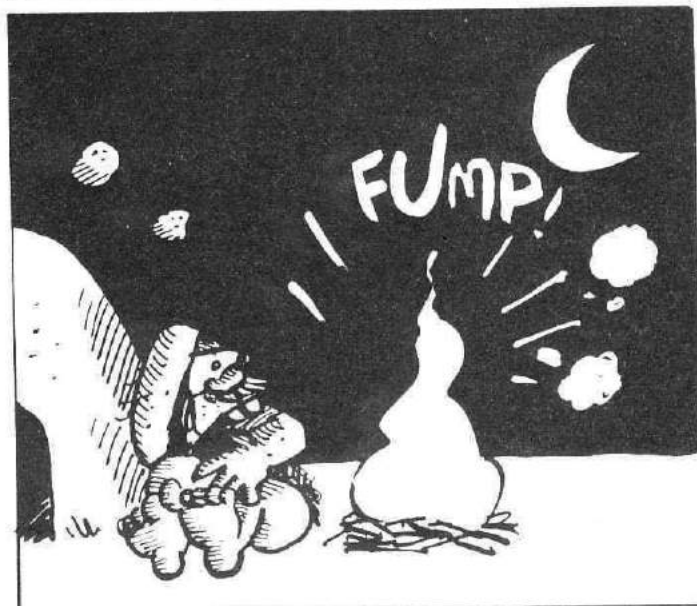
OOF! TH' JOKE'S ON ME!





# CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 2

## GUEST OF FIRE



Across the macroverse, the mutant minions of eco-evil cower in their artificially-sweetened shadows from this aproned avenger and her side-kids, Evita and Elmo. *Faster than a frog in a blender... Stronger than dirt... able to eat more wheat germ than you can imagine... it's...*

# AUNTY NUKE

Writer: Susan Bissett

Artist: Steve Smallwood







No, now you remember I taught you the difference between alkaline and acid. You know distilled water is neutral. Now what water is more alkaline on the pH scale?

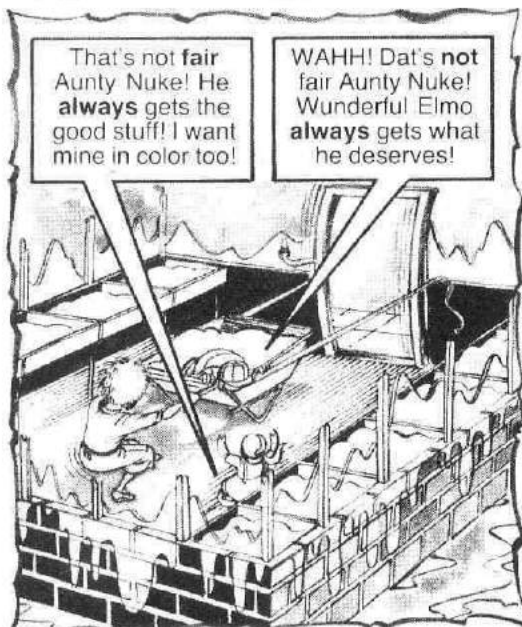
WAHHH!  
I don't care!

That's right Evita. **Saltwater!**



Evita, dry those lacrimal ducts. Elmo, give her that metallic spectrum. The next rainbow will be in color for you!

**Spectacular spectrums!** O.K. Auntie Nuke. But only as long as I get a pot of gold to go with it!

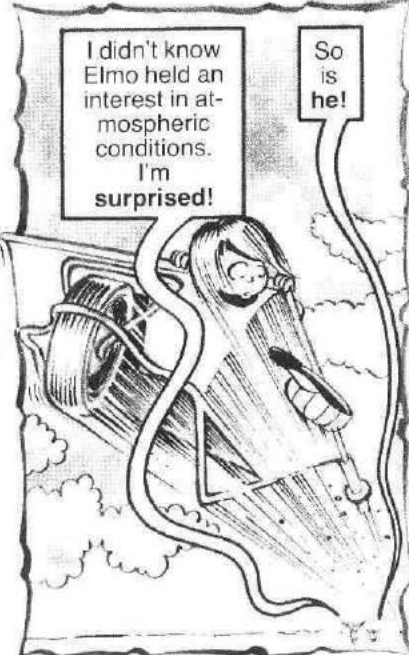


That's not fair Auntie Nuke! He **always** gets the good stuff! I want mine in color too!

WAHH! Dat's not fair Auntie Nuke! Wonderful Elmo **always** gets what he deserves!



Shut up Elmo or I'll **give** ya what ya da-serve!



I didn't know Elmo held an interest in atmospheric conditions. I'm **surprised!**

So is he!



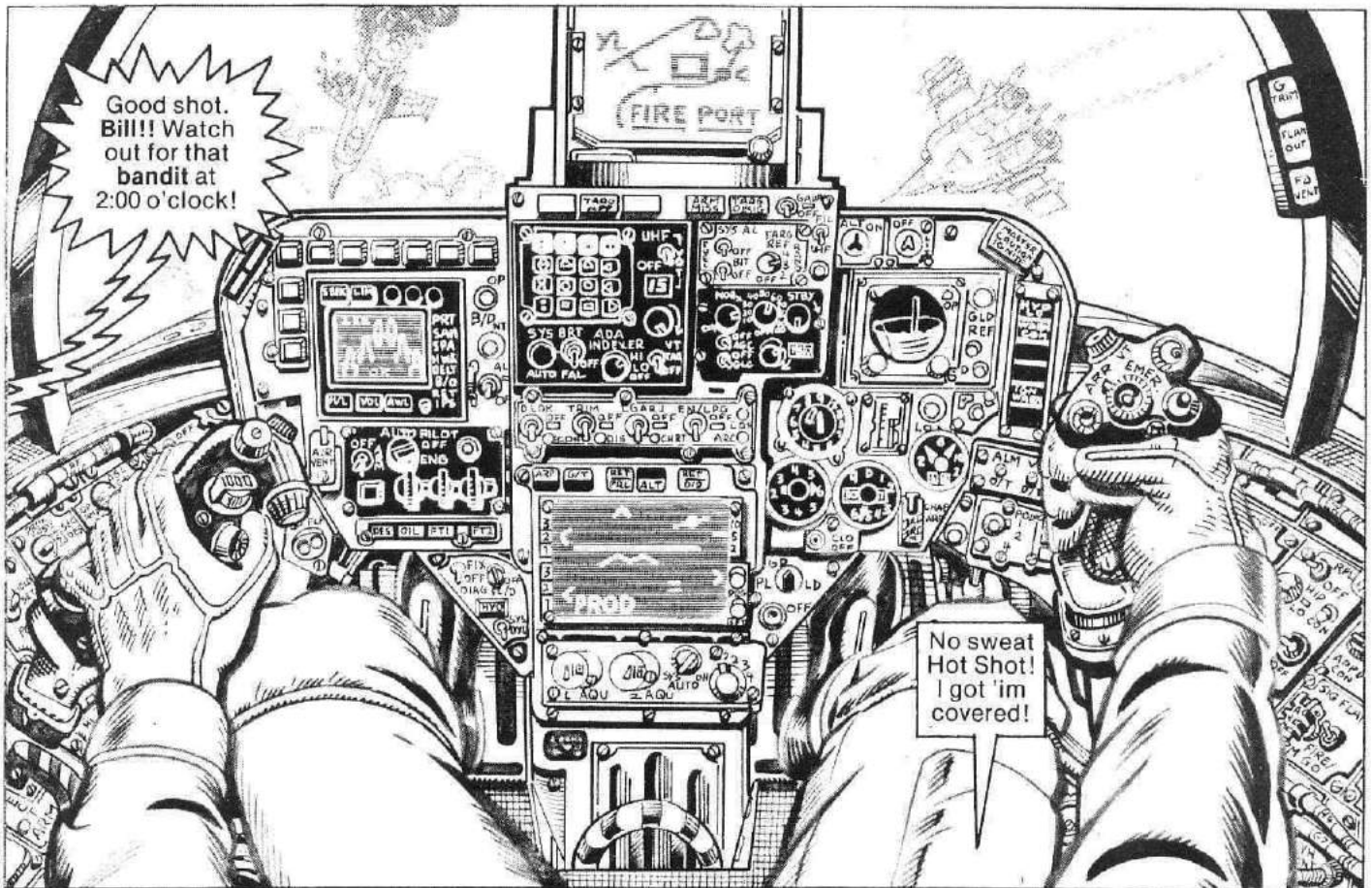
What an **unusual** phenomena. Snow falling in May! I'll have to call in the U.S. Weather Bureau on **this!**

It's not an unusual 'nomena Auntie Nuke, it's just the **usual** nuisance! I'd call in the U.S. Armed Forces **instead!**

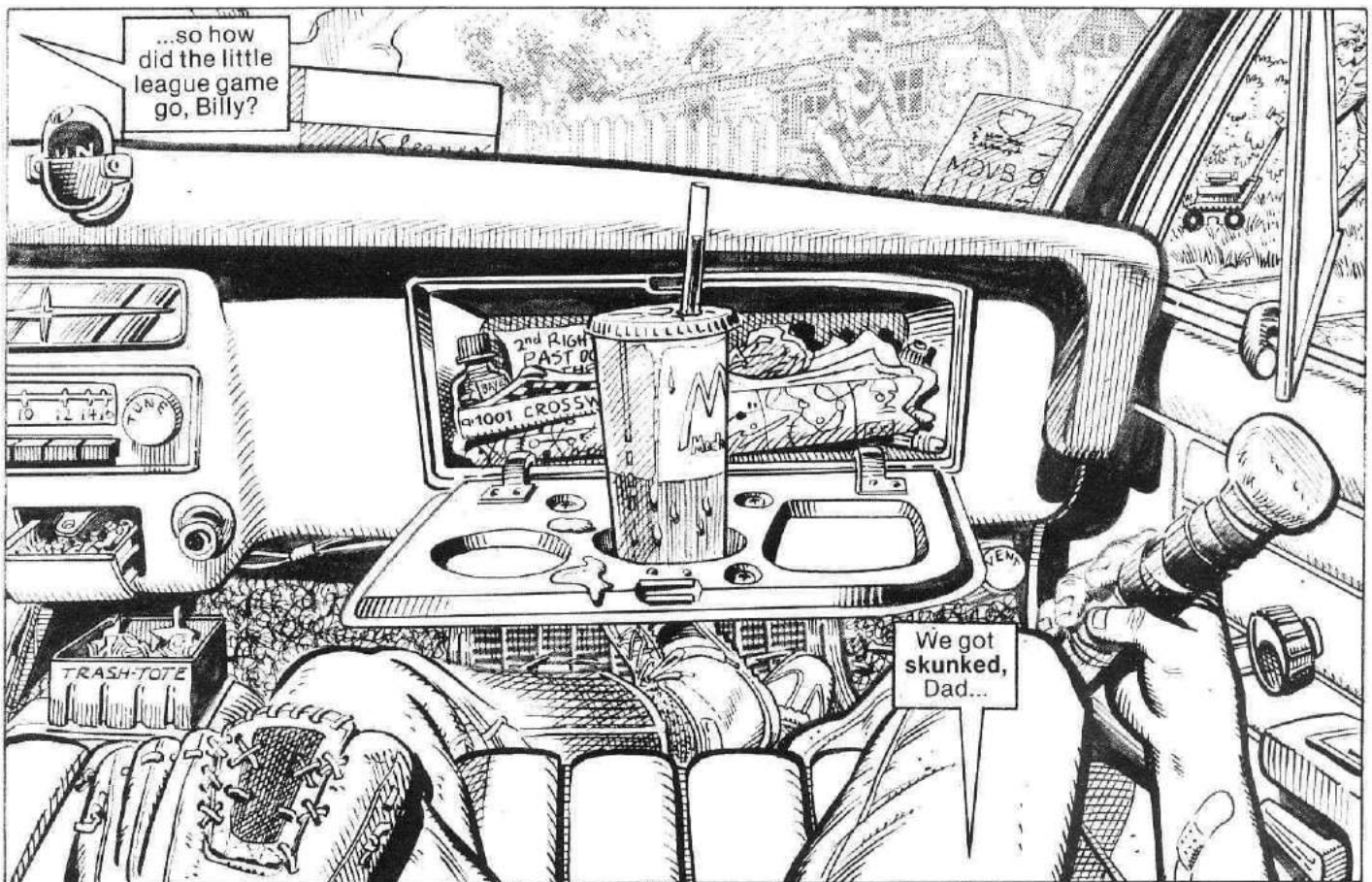
### AUNTIE NUKE'S KITCHEN TIPS

FOR THOSE DELICIOUS SPACE MEALS: A SOUFFLÉ IS THE PERFECT MEAL TO BAKE IN A WEIGHTLESS ATMOSPHERE. IT WILL NEVER FALL, NO MATTER WHAT LITTLE MINDS TRY.

# THE FASCINATING FANTASY...



# ...AND THE BORING REALITY



Artists: Eliot Brown and Al Milgrom



Don't touch that dial, reptile! It's the Groovin' Antediluvian... Behemoth Jack... presenting...

# THE ELEVENTH HOUR SPECIAL

Writer: David Allikas

Artist: Dave Morris

Where we play your favorite rock records... as they sounded **before** eleventh-hour revisions!

In case anyone's still watching, here's Hull & Oats...

THIS WASP IS A BROTHER

*\*Heavy-hurling big league pitching ace  
Became the object of a heated free agent chase  
A host of ballclubs tried to get him signed  
But with this press release the star declined:  
"Now I'd take the highest bid offered me  
The eight million five a year that was offered me  
But I can't throw for that  
No can do  
I can't throw for that!"*

*\*To the tune of "I Can't Go for That (No Can Do)"*

...followed by Tina Turnip...

*\*Had a good job in the Sixties  
Playin' sellout crowds every night and day  
And I never lost one minute of sleepin'  
Worryin' where we'd be in '82!  
The job isn't quite so nifty  
When the crowds barely number fifty!  
And we're soulin' (soulin')  
Soulin' (soulin')  
Soulin' to the rafters!*

*\*to the tune of "Proud Mary"*

This group has had **hit** after **hit**...  
proving that the minds of the  
American listening public are very  
close to... **The Commodes!**

*\*It pains me  
To tell you:  
I really flipped for you in Tarzan  
But one little thing— though you're a '10',  
You're such a sap;  
You blew the Oscar when you opened your trap!  
Oh, Bo,  
You can't act —  
No, Bo;  
I think you're crazy to try  
Anymore.*

*Just smile and  
Look pretty  
Try to convince yourself an actress should be seen and not heard.  
That should surely be  
Familiar ground;  
You need just make believe your husband's around!  
Oh, Bo;  
You can't speak —  
No, Bo;  
You've got a spanking in store  
If you do.*

*\*to the tune of "Oh, No"*

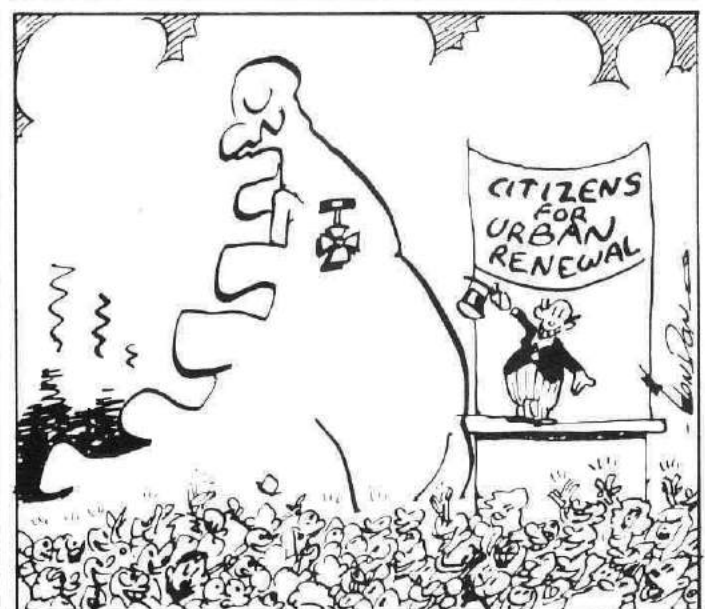
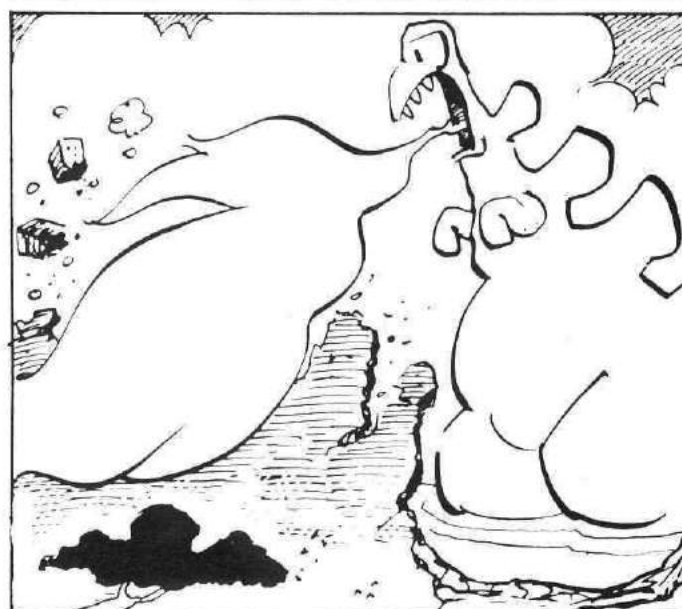
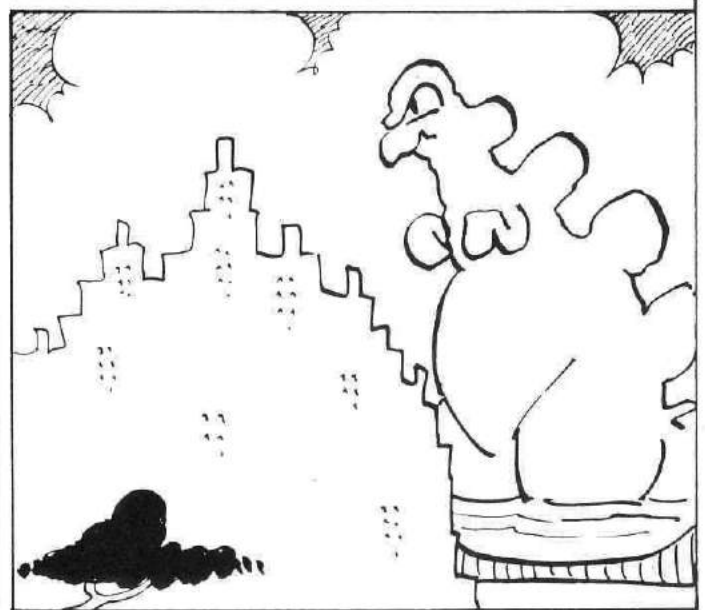
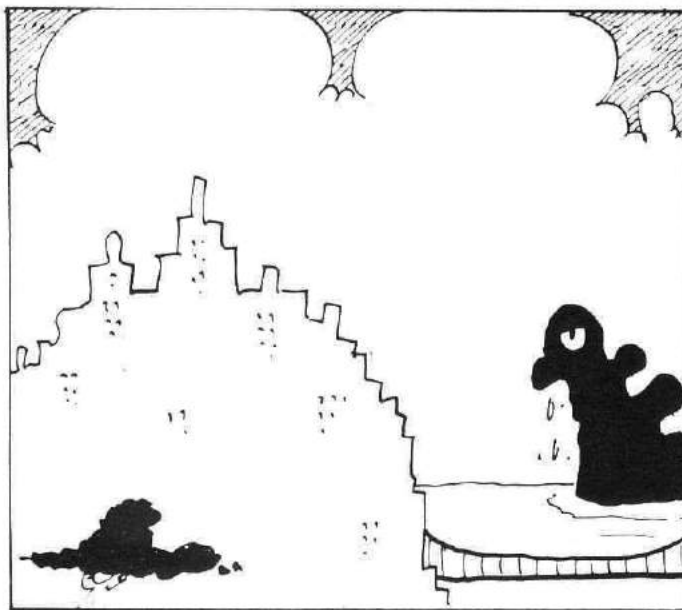
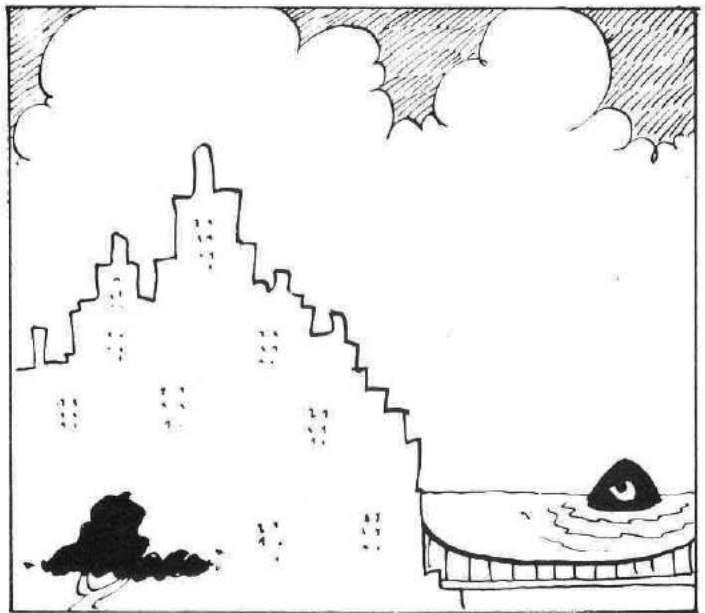
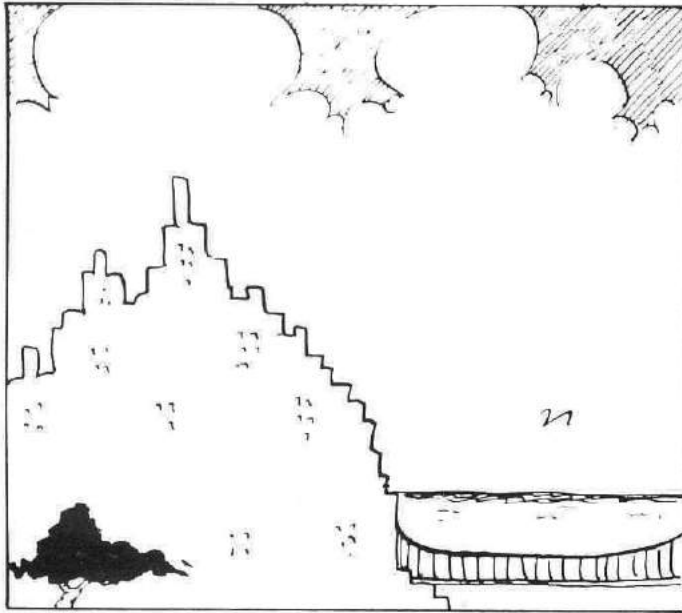
Sock your group and song suggestions  
to the **Behemoth Jack Sack**,  
care of this magazine!

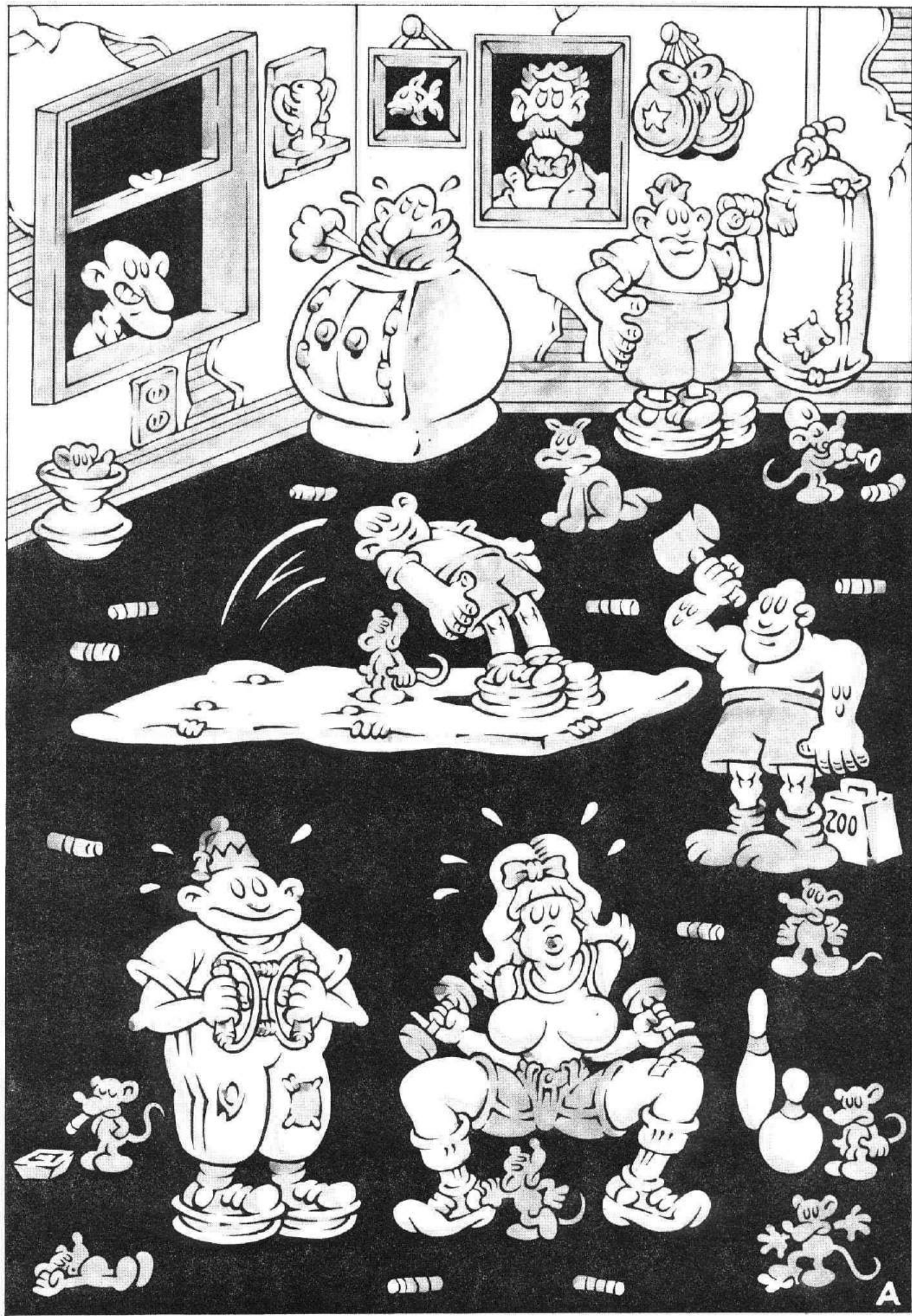
Danke schön, dinosaurs!



# **CRAZY GROSS ENCOUNTERS PART 3**

## **SHAME OF THE CITY**







JUST WHEN YOU THOUGHT IT WAS SAFE TO GO BACK ON THE BEACH, HERE COME

# the KINETIC KIDS

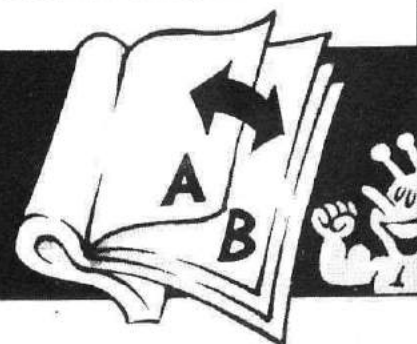
AN OPTIKINETICOMIC by Steve Mallor

**THE INSULT  
THAT MADE A  
MOUND OUT OF A MAN!**



ARE YOU TIRED OF HAVING SAND FLUNG IN YOUR  
FACE EVERY TIME YOU HEAD FOR THE SHORE?  
YEAH, WELL LIFE IS TOUGH ALL OVER,  
BUT IF YOU THINK WORKING OUT MIGHT  
HELP YOUR SELF-ESTEEM FOLLOW  
THE DIRECTIONS AT RIGHT FOR A  
RIGOROUS PROGRAM OF GAGS  
GALORE 'COS WE'RE !!!  
THE KINETIC KIDS!!

FLIP PREVIOUS PAGE "A" UP  
AND DOWN OVER PAGE "B" MANY  
TIMES FOR OPTIKINETIC EFFECT,  
ALSO GREAT FOR YOUR PEGS,  
DELTS AND BICEPS!









Okay, people; what's got thrills and chills, fun, prizes, and zebra stripes? Think hard, now. Got it? That's right, the answer is... the fabulous, monthly, no-getting-around-it-'cause-it's-always-gonna-be-here **Crazy Contest** (we lied about the stripes)! That's right, some lucky winner's gonna get himself/herself a **free 1-year subscription** to **Crazy**, the magazine that dares to tread the fine line between bad taste and the Republicans. **To enter:** send a **postcard** (only postcards! **Letters are not accepted!** Really! Please stop filling up our trashcans with your letters!!! And only one (1) uno ONE entry per postcard for cryin' out loud!) with the funniest "**How Fat Was She...**?" joke you can think of to "**Crazy Contest #12**" c/o **Marvel Comics Group, 387 Park Avenue South, New York, N.Y. 10016**. All entries must be received by **June 4, 1982**. Contest will be judged by our editors, and their decisions are final. Runner-ups will receive the nefarious Marvel No-Prize, and run the risk of actually having their pitiful jokes read by normal human beings within the pages of this magazine. All entries become the property of Marvel Comics, and this contest is void where prohibited, taxed, or regulated. Results of Crazy Contest #12 will appear in **Crazy #91**, on sale in **August**.

## CONTEST #9 WINNERS!

(In which we asked our readers for "Great Excuses For Being Late To, Absent From, or Unprepared For School")

### Grand Prize Winner:

"I did my homework but... all of a sudden, a bullet came through my window, snagged the paper with the homework on it, hit the button that switched on the fan, then carried the paper into the fan, and the fan tore it to shreds."

**A free 1-year subscription to:**

Robert Grazio  
Hazelton, PA.

### Royal Runner-Ups:

"I am not prepared to take my Sex Ed test 'cause I was out all night with my girlfriend."

**Kraig Nadjkovic**  
Croswell, MI.

"The reason I was absent from school yesterday was because when I went home, I found out that my folks had moved off without me, and there was nobody to tell me it was time to get up and go to school..."

**Ho-Dad**  
Tulsa, OK.

"I was absent because when I was coming to school this morning, a bunch of F.B.I. agents attacked me, said I was Anton Soklezkyspasy, and took me to a place and tortured me, asking where the plans for the U.S. new CO2 bomb were."

**Ian McGrath**  
Newington, CT.

"When I was walking to school my legs fell asleep and I forgot my alarm clock, so my feet woke up late."

**Marcia Stanczak**  
Roseville, MI.

"On my way to school I was mugged by a gang of Quakers."

**John Nowakowski**  
Elyria, OH.

"I dropped it into my mom's chili sauce."

**Philippe Amyotte**  
Ancienne-Lorette, Quebec

"I couldn't get my homework done because our T.V. is broken."

**Pat Akers**  
Troy, MO.

"In the night my exam was stolen."

**Jerry Crimmins**  
Chicago, IL.

"I helped an old lady across the street and she invited me in for milk and cookies and when we went in she robbed and beat me up."

**Sam Tocci**  
Midlothian, IL.

"I'm very sorry, teacher  
That I missed out on subjects  
with glue,

But I was absent last week  
With 20 cases of asian flu!"

**Dan McCormick**  
Madison, WI.

"My pet hamster was dying and I had to give him C.P.R."

**Bill Owings**  
Susanville, CA.

"I'm late to school because I stopped to rest because I was running so hard to be early!"

**David Beeghly**  
Cumberland, MD.

"My little brother barfed on my homework after reading his latest copy of **Crazy!**"

**David Cushman**  
Warehouse Pt., CN.

REMEMBER THAT GREAT  
FLICK, 'THE BLOB THAT ATE  
THE DINER' WITH STEVE  
MCQUEEN IN IT. HERE ARE  
SOME IDEAS FOR SEQUELS.  
T. HACHTMAN



'BLOB ON A DOLPHIN'

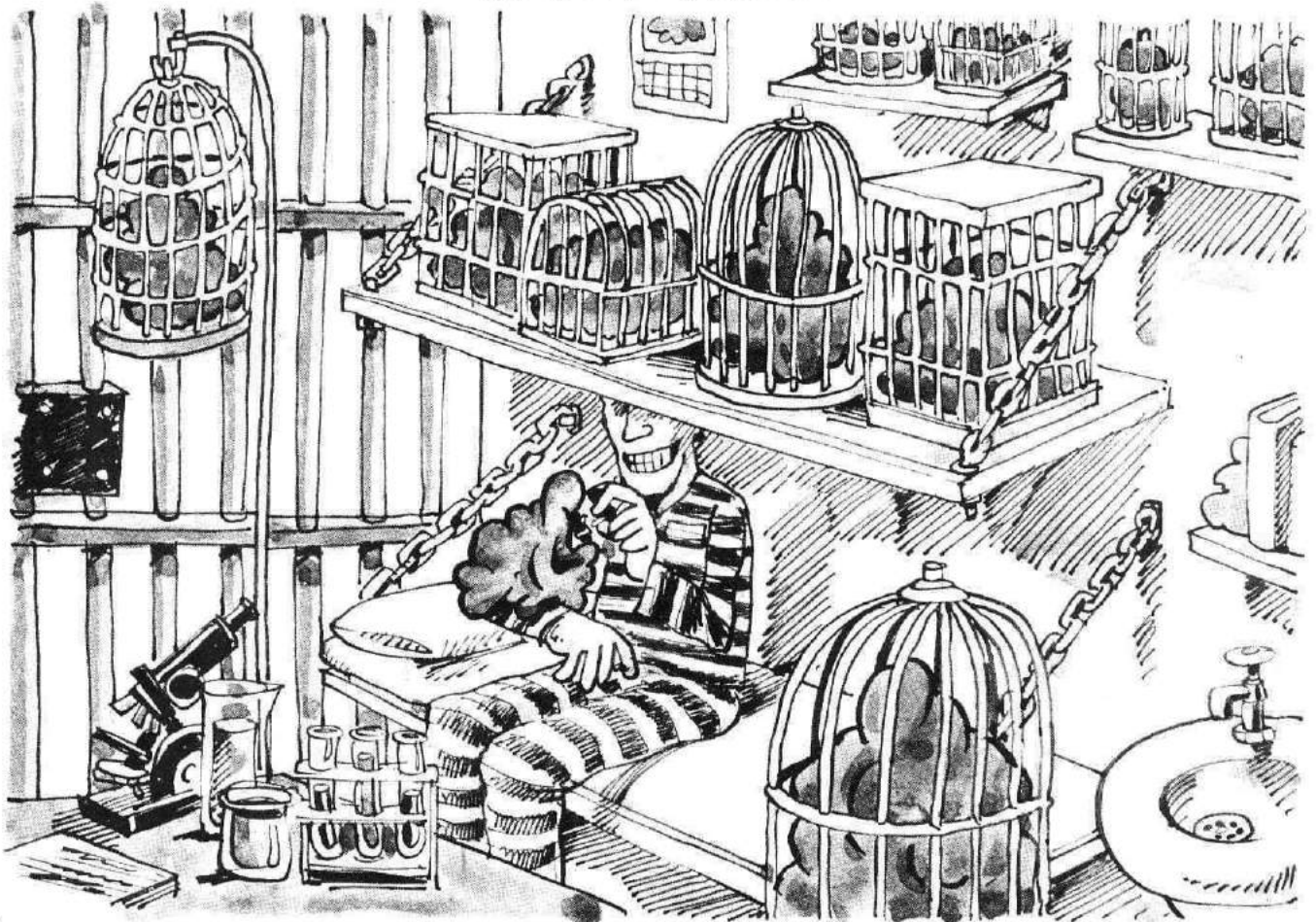


'THE BLOB COUPLE'





THE BLOB OF MUSIC



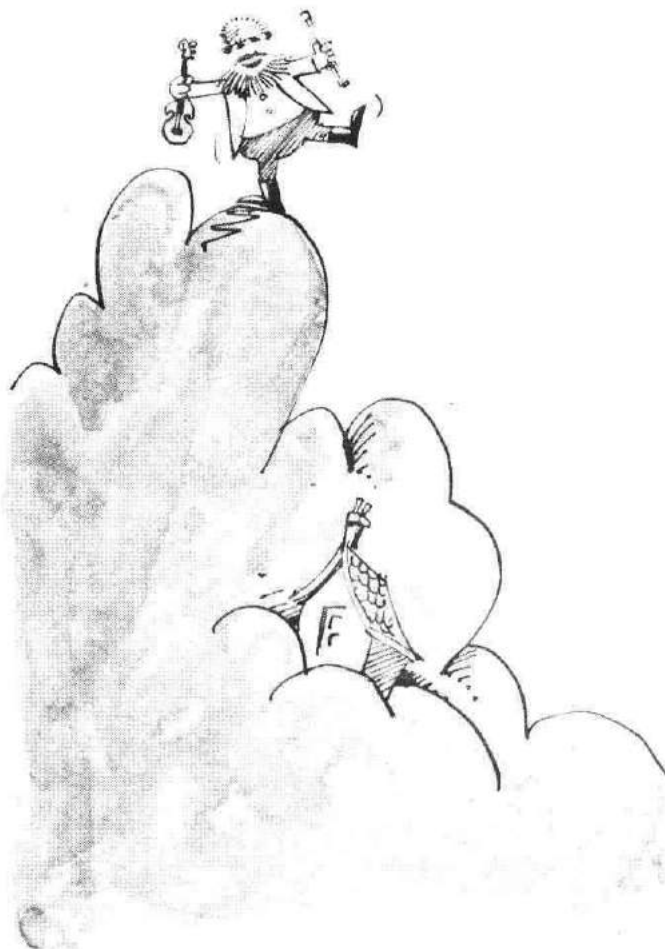
THE BLOB MAN OF ALCATRAZ



BLOB SUNDAY



'THE SEDUCTION OF JOE BLOB'



'FIDDLER ON THE BLOB'





**Captain Dullard** — what in thunder-  
ation are you doing in that get-up!?

I'm going into hostile enemy territory to assassinate a  
renegade Army officer — what am I **supposed** to wear — a  
**loin-cloth and sling-shot?**

Don't you know who you're going  
after!? **Bullets** just get him **angry!**  
See!

Gasp! Why — that's **Colonel Klutz**, the only Green Beret officer  
ever to have his Medal of Honor accepted for him by an  
**Indian squaw!**

That's right, Capt. Col. Klutz has gone insane, setting up his  
own, private army of **misfits** and savage **natives!** It's up to  
you to terminate his command with extreme prejudice!

Do what with **WHICH!?!**

**TERMINATE...** y'know. It's **Army** talk... **TER**-minate!

He's got **termites?**

He means we want you should **KILL Klutz** — And  
remember, Klutz is **more** than just a ruthless, highly  
trained killer — he's a merciless **showman** as well!

**I KNOW!** I can see what he's  
done here at the docks!

We did this! We have to do **something** to pay for  
all those bullets and bombs you guys are always  
insisting you need!

FRANCIS

BOB  
MCLEOD





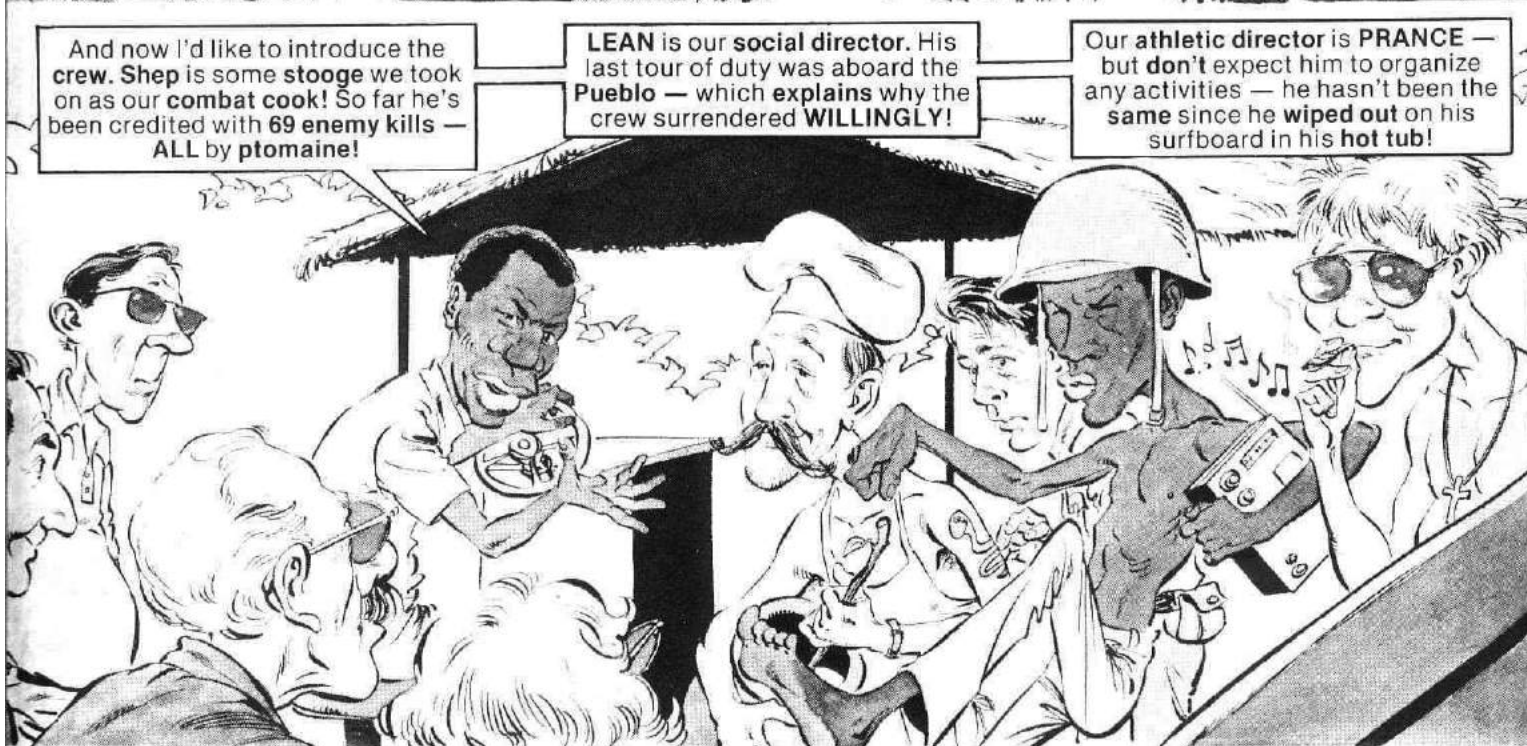
Chief! Why are you dressed like that? And what're all these people doing on a boat headed on a suicide mission!?

Shhhh! It's our cover! It's against the Geneva Convention for the enemy to shoot at package tours!



Isn't it dangerous to have tourists aboard?

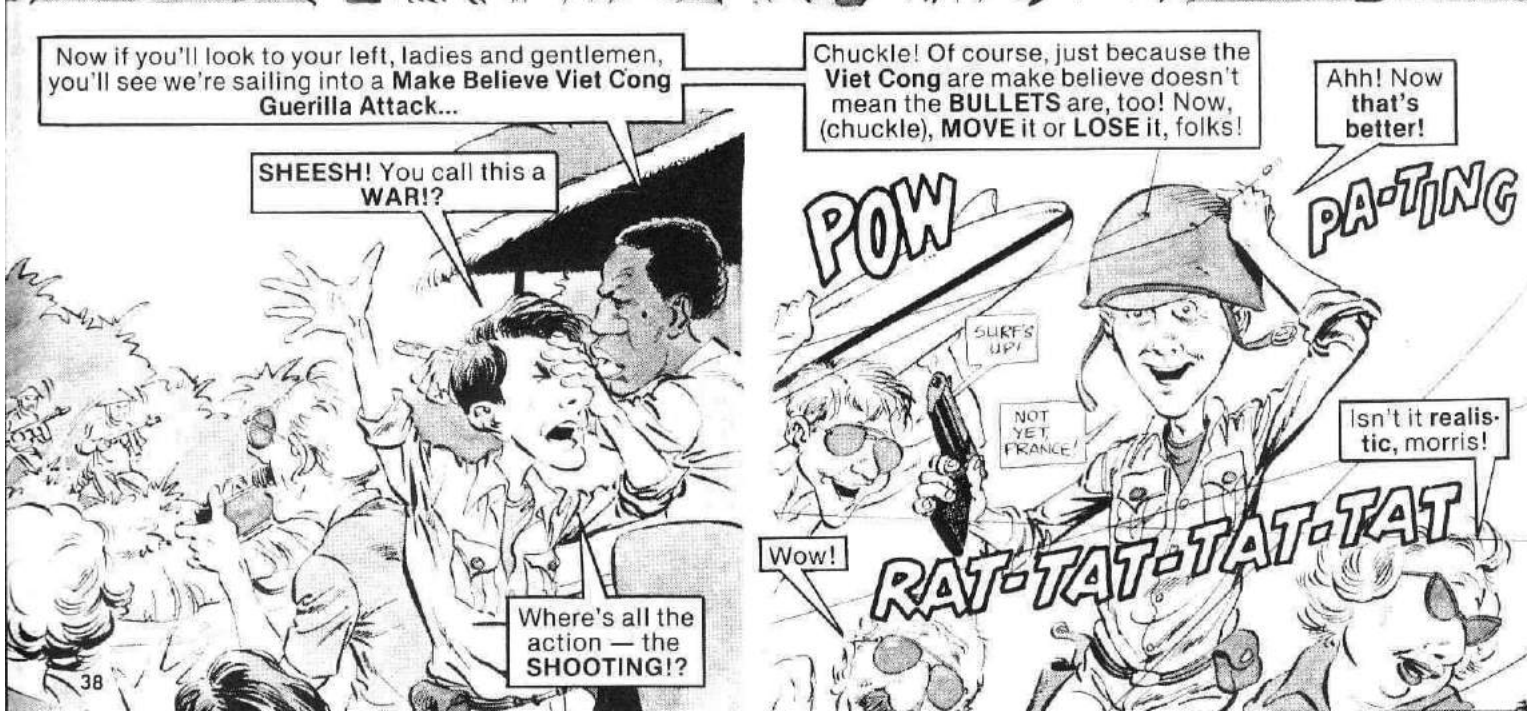
Heck No! It's safer! A fat tourist stops bullets better than a flak-jacket!



And now I'd like to introduce the crew. Shep is some stooge we took on as our combat cook! So far he's been credited with 69 enemy kills — ALL by ptomaine!

LEAN is our social director. His last tour of duty was aboard the Pueblo — which explains why the crew surrendered WILLINGLY!

Our athletic director is PRANCE — but don't expect him to organize any activities — he hasn't been the same since he wiped out on his surfboard in his hot tub!



Now if you'll look to your left, ladies and gentlemen, you'll see we're sailing into a Make Believe Viet Cong Guerilla Attack...

Chuckle! Of course, just because the Viet Cong are make believe doesn't mean the BULLETS are, too! Now, (chuckle), MOVE it or LOSE it, folks!

Ahh! Now that's better!

SHEESH! You call this a WAR!?

Where's all the action — the SHOOTING!?

POW

PA-TING

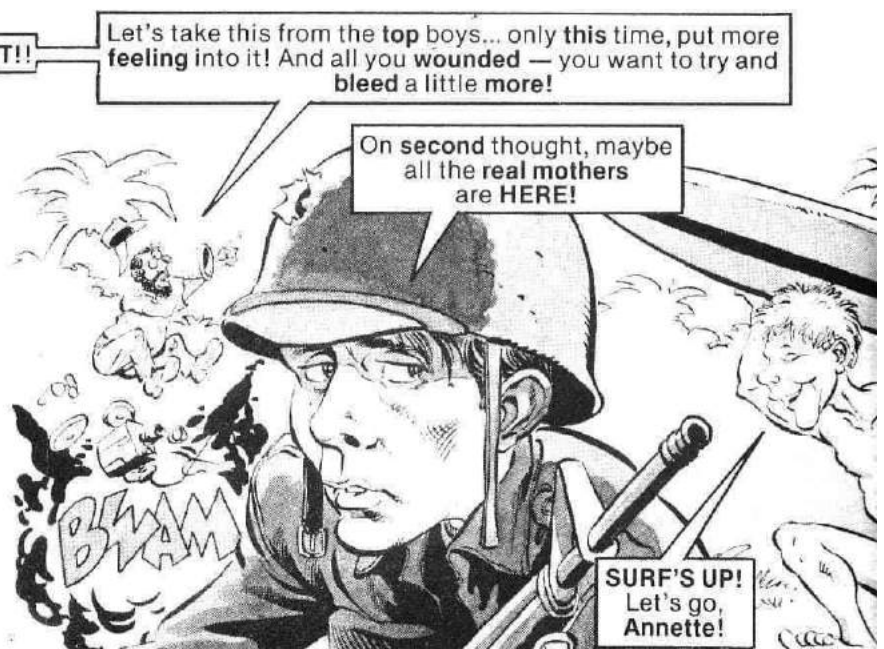
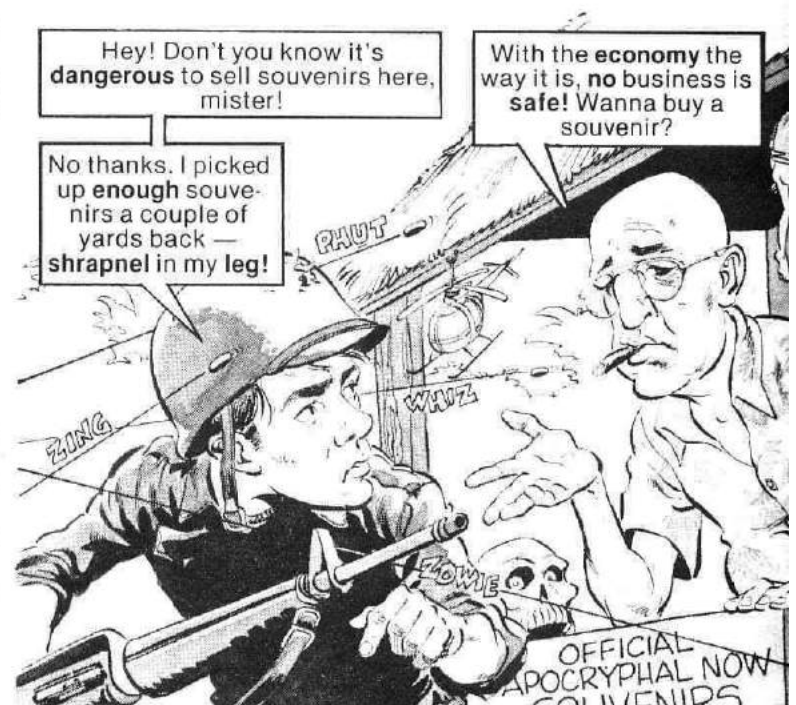
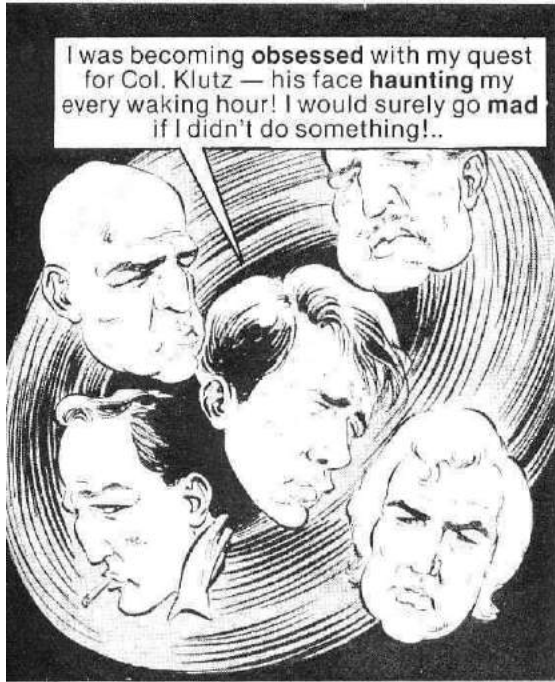
SURE'S UP!

NOT YET, FRANCE!

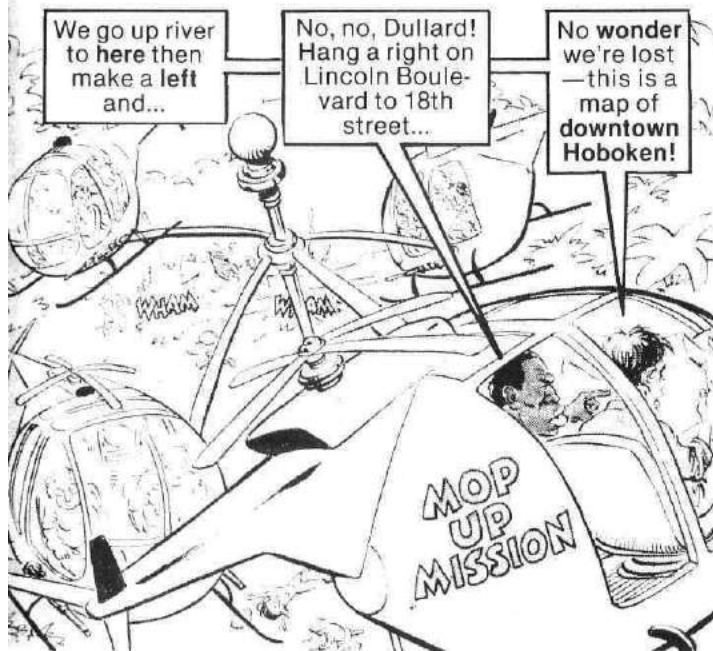
Isn't it realistic, morris!

RAT-TAT-TAT-TAT

Wow!







We go up river to here then make a left and...

No, no, Dullard! Hang a right on Lincoln Boulevard to 18th street...

No wonder we're lost —this is a map of downtown Hoboken!

You mean to tell me you've been ordered to kill one of our own men? Boy, that's nasty! How can you stand to look at yourself in the mirror?

You think **this** is bad!? Before I was drafted, I sold Used Cars!



Man, I told that clown not to try it with roller-skates!

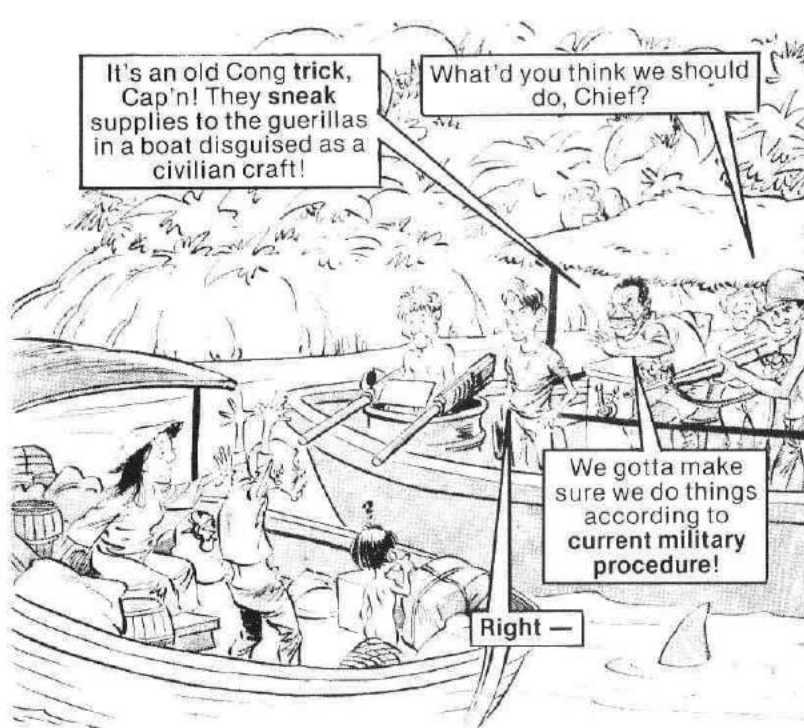


Isn't that childish? Grown men making total fools of themselves just to see a scantily clad female! Childish, I say!

I don't care what you say. I've been in the jungle for 8 months without seeing a woman! I'M going!

EA. HONEST-TO-GOSH GUY BUNNIES N! METCH! ONLY AT LOUGHLAND!

Uh-oh! I think I feel an attack of second childhood coming on! Race yah to the broads!

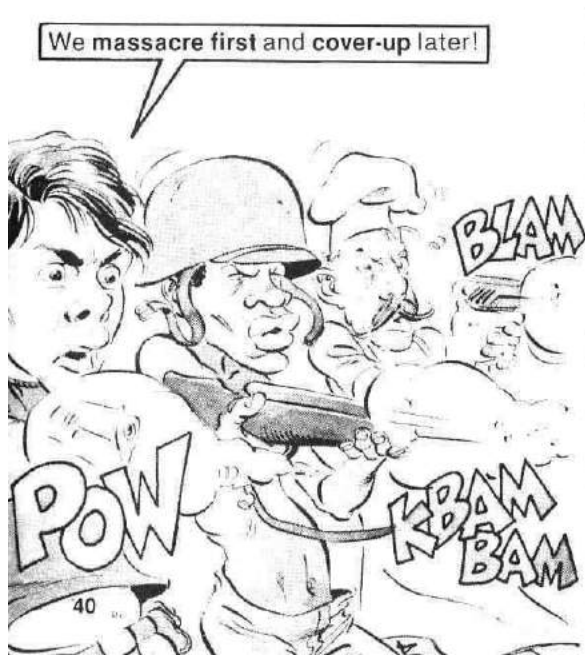


It's an old Cong trick, Cap'n! They sneak supplies to the guerillas in a boat disguised as a civilian craft!

What'd you think we should do, Chief?

We gotta make sure we do things according to current military procedure!

Right —



We massacre first and cover-up later!

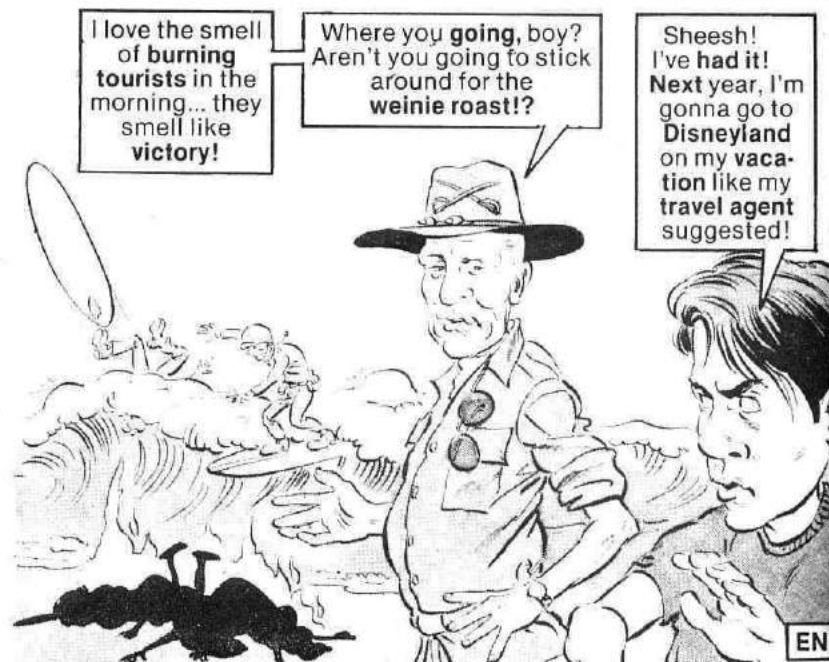
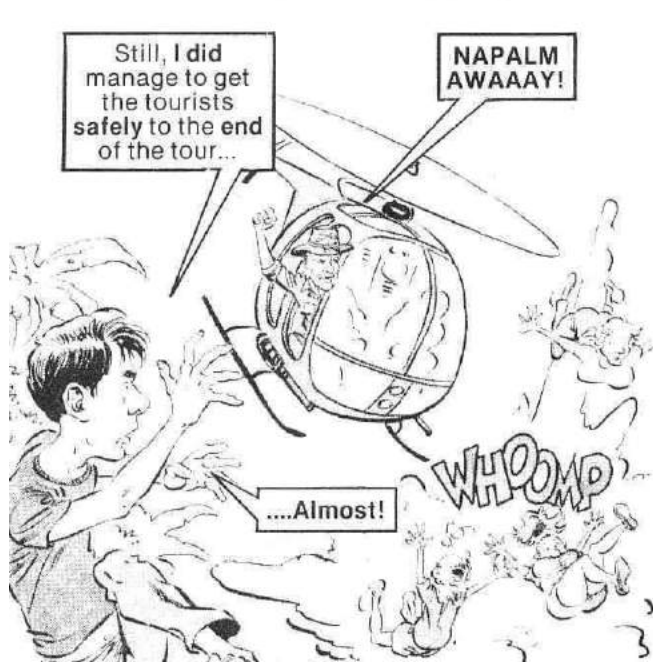
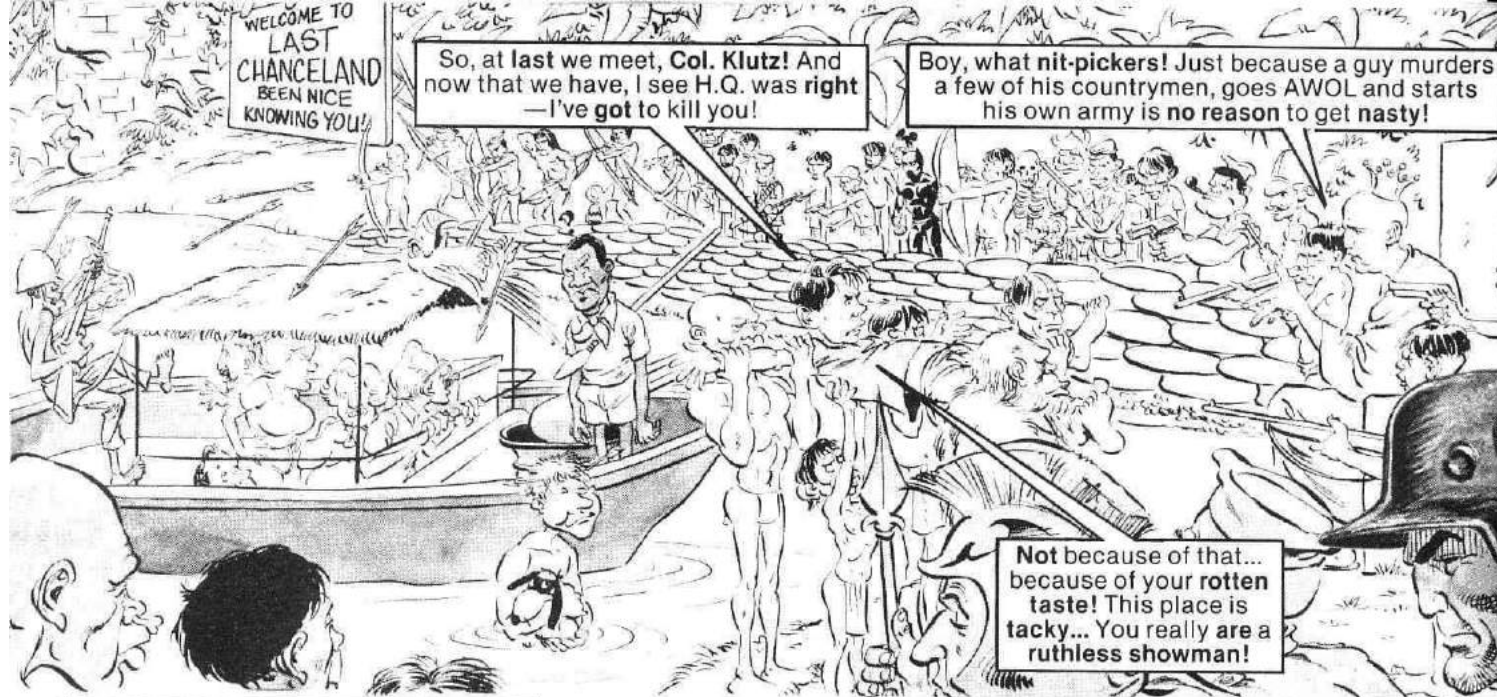


Help! Get me outta here!

You gotta save me!

Lord! What a horrible place! No man deserves to be... here! No wonder those poor souls are begging us to save them!

I'll say! Imagine having no place to eat except a Howard Johnstons!





# CRAZY Looks A



We should never have told the tellers where Security installed the hidden cameras.

Why not?

They keep posing for group portraits!

This is a stickup. Don't try anything funny, I've got a Lawrence Welk record.

Hello, can you help me? Hello? Can you answer my question? **Hello?!**

Yeah, whadaya want?

A Lawrence Welk record? You can't kill me with a Lawrence Welk record!

Well, I was going to ask how much interest this bank gives, but I see it doesn't give **any!**

Oh no? I guess you've never heard one before!

After working here a while, these 50-dollar bills become nothing more than green pieces of paper with the number 50 on them.

Is that all? Well, then, would you mind **giving** me a couple of those green pieces of paper with the number 50 on them?

Sure... in exchange for five green pieces of paper with the number 20 on them!

Money has been **devalued** so much that my kids won't even bend over to pick up pennies that fall behind their desks.

I got my kids out of that habit.

Just one minute, sir... this ten dollar bill is **counterfeit!**

Oh **my!** I'm an honest man, let me replace it! Here... here's a seven and a three!

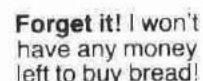
Oh yeah? **How?**

I spilled \$100 worth of pennies beneath their dressers... believe me, they **learned** to bend over all right!

I'm sorry, I can't cash this check-- you don't have enough money in your account.

I **don't?** Well, I can fix that easily enough... let me write you a **check!**

**Artist: Ned Sonntag**





Everybody wants to know, "What do the stars do to relax?" Well, a few that we happen to know  
So let's see how it feels to have some really HOT wheels...

# KUSTOM KARS

Artist and Writer: Dave Morris

## MUHAMMAD ALI

"Ah'm so happy with mah new Alimobile — It's so pretty! And when Ah am on the freeways of America, driving will be safer — because folks will slow down to see how pretty Ah am!"

GIANT VIDEO SCREEN  
"To show mah greatest moments!"

MOTORIZED MIRROR

Follows the Greatest wherever he goes

HOWARD COSELL  
Bound and gagged

LEON SPINKS AT THE WHEEL  
"He's ugly... but nobody else would give him a job!"

## DOLLY PARTON

"Funny how folks recognize my car even when I'm not driving," says Dolly. She admits that her unusually large bumpers tend to block intersections, but she never has trouble finding a place to park. "Fellas **always** make room for me," she says.

personally really dig cars — I mean, these cats drive some really outrageous vehicles!

# OF THE STARS

## THE HULK

### KISS

Why drive when you can roller disco? After Gene's girl-friend (Cher, natch) turned the guys on to it, they put wheels on their heels! Now you can't get 'em off the track!



"Hulk want to Roller Disco too! But — no roller skates in Hulk's size! So Hulk stick feet in small cars! Hulk skate good now!"

### MISTEROGERS

"I have a very nice car. His name is Misterogers Car. He's a very special car, and he dresses just like me. Do you know why he's a special car, boys and girls? Because his horn doesn't go. 'beep, beep' — it says, 'excuse me, please'."





# GODZILLA

Everybody's favorite monster can usually be seen on Sundays, doing wheelies down the San Bernardino freeway in his chopped-and-channelled Saturn V Missile Transporter. "I did all the custom work **myself**", says Big G. He finds it a great way to unwind. "I love the cool clean wind in my hair — and I **love** crowding tractor-trailers off the road!" Right on, Zilly.



Advice columns are read mostly by women. And, why not? They're written **by** women, **for** women, about women's problems. But men have problems, too! Problems beyond the scope of the neighborhood bartender — requiring the aid of a trained professional like —

SHEBOYGAN DAILY COMPOST, THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1980

NEED  
COUNSEL?

from MEL:  
from ROCKY:  
from DR. JIVETURKEY:

# DEAR ROCKY

## Sock Rocks Hubby's Happiness

Dear Rocky,

I think my wife's been fooling around. Tonight I found a yellow and green argyle sock under my bed. Should I confront her?

Unsigned.

No, you bum! Be a little less suspicious and your wife will stop planting phony evidence to get your goat. And **show** her you trust her. Take lots of long business trips, and don't question her if she does the same (even if she **doesn't** have a job). Call her every night just before leaving the office to tell her you love her. Never, **never** make her think you're checking up on her by coming home unexpectedly. And mail the sock to the address at the top of this column.

Dear Rocky:

I know you hear from lots of fathers with son-in-law problems. But the bum who married my daughter has done nothing for eleven years except drink beer and talk to his bookie. When my daughter suggests he look for a job, he throws furniture at her. I'm going broke supporting this freeloader. How can I get him out to work?

Had It Up To Here  
(maybe even to here)

Listen, pop! I got a job now, see? So get off my back!

Dear Rocky,

They say you can tell a good diner by the number of trucks parked out front. Well, the diner my wife and I live over serves such lousy food that when I come home at night, the place is always empty... but



trucks are lined up halfway down our block! Can you tell me how to figure that one out?

Puzzled in Peoria

Dear P.I.P.,

Try coming home up the fire escape!

Dear Rocky,

Though it's unusual for a woman to write you, I'm not looking for advice. Being a lady truck driver, I sometimes doubt my femininity. Though it's silly, I can't help it. I'm less self-conscious when I date a guy with a feminine occupation. As an advice columnist, you're a natural for my next score. I've already dated a male nurse and a male secretary. A picture is enclosed.

Mack Truck Minnie



Dear Minnie,

Is that the male nurse or the male secretary?

**FOODVILLE  
SUPERMARKET**  
PORK LIPS \$1.69 lb.



## Dr. Jive turkey

AMERICAN  
FOREIGN  
PROTOCOL  
AND CLINICAL  
PSYCHOLOGY

Dear Dr. Jiveturkey:

I have boils all over my face and also underneath my arms. Furthermore, both of my feet are painfully swollen and bright red inflammation constantly itching and all night long.

Do I have AIDS or must I resign myself to a life of draining? How long before normal life?

Anxious in Ohio

Dear Anxious:

Sounds to me like you're aggravated by severe acne. Millions suffer from it. grin and bear it as best you can. If you're very lucky, you'll be six more months, tops... You can always try consulting your clergyman.

★ ★

Dear Dr. Turkey:

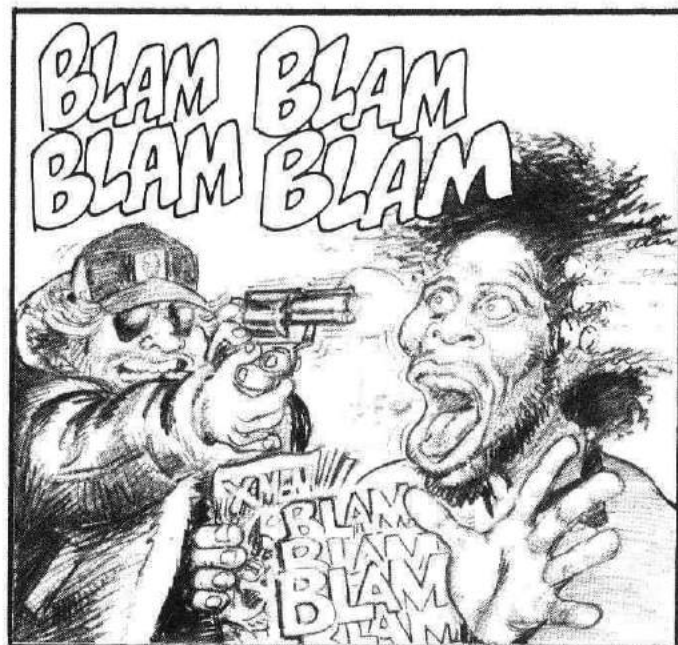
I found an enormous tumor deep down inside my stomach. I could have died! I was at a shopping mall and it felt like I bounced and rolled past a nun! Golly! What can I do to prevent this from happening again?

Nauseous in R

Dear Nauseous,

Yuck! How gross! Eee! It's a good thing that you had lunch when I read your letter or I probably would have been sick over my lap.





PROLOGUE: A DARK, RAINY NIGHT (WELL, NIGHTS ARE USUALLY DARK... BUT NOT ALWAYS RAINY)...

OKAY, BROTHERS AND SISTERS, LET US GO INTO THE TEMPLE!

YES, THE WONDROUS TEMPLE OF OUR SACRED CULT LEADER REV. MAHARISHI-X, CLEVERLY DISGUISED AS A CRUDELY-DRAWN NEAL ADAMS SPACESHIP!

REV. MAHARISHI-X... WISE MAN... ALL-FATHER... TAX-CONSULTANT! THE FOUNDER AND LEADER OF THE CULT OF THE SACRED REDUNDANCY, OF WHICH I AM CHIEF PRIEST!

BEING CULT LEADER IS A GREAT PRIVILEGE... I GET TO GIVE ORDERS, LEAD THE CHANT-A-LONGS... AND I GET MY TAXES DONE FOR HALF-PRICE!

C'MON GANG... \*JIM JONES KNEW MY FATHER, FATHER KNEW JIM JONES! JIM JONES KNEW MY FA-A-A-ATHER, FATHER KNEW JIM JONES, JIM JONES KNEW--

\* SUNG TO THE TUNE OF "ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS"

BROTHER CYCLOPS... WHERE IS OUR GREAT LEADER, REV. MAHARISHI-X HIMSELF...?

THE REV. IS ON A SACRED RETREAT IN THE LAND OF PALM SPRINGS, MEDITATING ON THE SECRETS OF SWEDISH TANNING. HOWEVER, HIS SPIRIT IS WITH US ALWAYS!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENING TO ME... ME, SWEET SISTER PHOENIX, IMAGE OF PURITY AND LOVE... I FEEL A PRESENCE INSIDE ME... TAKING CONTROL...

... THEN AGAIN, OF COURSE IT COULD BE GAS...

THE HOLY SHRINE ARCS SKYWARD AS THE MEDITATIONS BEGIN...

... TOTALLY OBLIVIOUS TO THE FACT THAT THE SHIP LOOKS ABOUT AS AERO-DYNAMICALLY SOUND AS KATE SMITH.

WE'RE ABOUT HIGH ENOUGH, O SACRED HEAD MUCK-A-MUCK...

...LET US BEGIN OUR SACRED WORSHIP WITH SONGS OF PRAISE...

...IF YA WANT MY BODY... AND YA THINK I'M SEXY...

...I... LOVE TA LOVE YA BABY...

SHHH!

SISTER PHOENIX, YOU MUST BE... QUIET...?

VAVAVAVOOM...!



# ...IF SHE BE'S DEAD...!OR DEATH OF A TOUGH BROAD



NOTHING PERSONAL, X-PRIESTS... I JUST HATE YOU. THINK ABOUT THAT AS YOU ALL GO SPLAT.



WITH A THROATY CHUCKLE AND AN EVIL GLINT IN HER EYE, EX-SISTER PHOENIX OF THE REV. MAHARISHI-X CULT POINTS HER WELL PROPORTIONED BODY SKYWARD...

...HEADED FOR A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEPRAVITY AND FILTH.





SISTER PHOENIX LANDS OUTSIDE HER FORMER HOME, WHERE SHE WAS MARRIED TO PLUMBER GEORGE HUBERT. SISTER PHOENIX WASN'T HAPPY WHEN SHE WAS HARRIET HUBERT.



SO SHE LEFT HOME ONE MORNING TO GET A SIX-PACK FROM THE STORE. THAT WAS TEN YEARS AGO.

THE X-PRIESTS TAUGHT HER HOW TO BE SWEET, KIND, VIRTUOUS... Y'KNOW, ALL THAT DUMB STUFF.

BUT THAT'S ALL BEHIND HER NOW...



HARRIET... THAT YOU...?

THAT'S RIGHT HONEY... I'M HOME!

SO? WHERE'S MY SIX-PACK?

I'VE LEFT THE CULT, GEORGE. THE DEVIL HAS MADE ME SEE HOW MUCH OF A DRAG BEING GOOD IS.



WELL, I'VE GOT A SURPRISE FOR YOU...

HI, SISTER PHOENIX!



WE'VE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU!

THESE TWO NUNS FROM THE CULT OF THE SACRED REDUNDANCY ARRIVED LAST NIGHT. WE'VE BEEN ...UH...MEDITATING!

GEORGE IS ONE OF US NOW. THE REV. HAS OPENED HIS EYES!



SISTER PHOENIX... WHY ARE YOU DRESSED IN THAT SINFUL SKIN TIGHT GARB? WHY... YOUR WOMAN-THINGS ARE SHOWING!

YOU'RE JUST JEALOUS, SISTER FOUR-EYES, 'CUZ YOURS AREN'T DRAWN AS NICELY!



TELL YA WHAT, WHY DON'T I WHIP US UP SOME NICE, ILLEGAL PLANTS! WE CAN BURN THEM, STARE AT THE CEILING AND MEDITATE!

OR BETTER YET, LET'S GO OUT AND KILL SOMETHING Y'KNOW...

HOLY WATER!

NOBODY DRAWS NICE THINGS ON SECONDARY CHARACTERS.

...SACRIFICE TO GOOD OL' BEELZEBUB AND ALL THAT!



HONEY, THESE TWO SISTERS HAVE SHOWN ME THE WAY... THE LIGHT... THE TRUTH... DIVINE KNOWLEDGE, AND TAX EXEMPTIONS!

SO?

YA WANT A COOKIE?

I SUSPECTED YOU'D LEFT THE CULT! THAT'S WHY I'VE CALLED IN THE X-PRIESTS! THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE!



OH, GREAT.

YA GOT ANY PEASOUP? I THINK I WANT TO THROW UP.

DON'T ALL LAUGH AT ONCE, NOW.



BEING THE DEVIL GETS TO BE A DRAG. WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE GOOD OL' DAYS? ALL I HAD TO DO WAS SHAKE A BED A FEW TIMES, AND CURSE OUT A COUPLE OF PRIESTS.

MAYBE I NEED A LITTLE PUBLIC RELATIONS WORK... TAKE OUT ADS... MAYBE A GUEST SHOT ON CARSON...



GOOD EVENING, MS. TRAVELER... PLEASE ACCEPT THIS MIND-CONTROL DEVICE AS A TOKEN OF LOVE FROM THE REV. MAHARISHI-X-CULT...

...WOULD YOU CARE TO MAKE A DONATION?





WITH THAT, SISTER PHOENIX CREATES A FIERY CONFLAGRATION ENGULFING THE ENTIRE PANEL, YET LEAVING ROOM FOR THIS USELESS CAPTION.

GIMME A D... GIMME A E... GIMME A V...



WOW!  
I COULDA  
HAD A  
V-8!

BROTHER CYCLOPS... YOU'RE ALL  
WASTING TIME! THE DEVIL HAS  
TOTAL CONTROL OF SISTER  
PHOENIX!

REV... WHAT SHOULD  
I DO...?

"KILL THE STUPID BROAD, AND GET BACK TO  
ACCOSTING PEOPLE IN AIRPORTS FOR DONATIONS!"

NYEAH  
NYEAH!



EAT  
BRICKS,  
SISTER!

WITH A  
BLAST FROM  
HIS HOLY  
VISOR, BROTHER  
CYCLOPS SENDS  
TONS OF RUBBLE  
TOPPLING DOWN  
ON SISTER  
PHOENIX...

...RUINING HER HAIR-DO, WRINKLING  
HER SUIT, AND BRUISING HER WOMAN-  
THINGS. SORRY, I COULDN'T RESIST.



ISN'T IT  
GREAT TO  
READ A MAG-  
AZINE NOT  
GOVERNED  
BY THE  
COMICS  
CODE?

BROTHER  
CYCLOPS YOU  
MUST HELP  
ME... I'M  
DAZED AND  
HURT, AND I  
THINK I  
MAY BE  
BLACK!

G'WAY  
I'M  
BUSY.

BUT  
BROTHER  
CYCLOPS...

YOU  
THINK YOU'VE  
GOT PROBLEMS?  
I'VE JUST  
RUINED ANOTHER  
PAIR OF FOSTER  
GRANTS!



WHAT  
ABOUT  
SISTER  
PHOENIX?

SHE'S  
NOT  
SISTER  
PHOENIX  
ANYMORE...  
THE DEVIL'S  
TOTALLY  
IN CONTROL  
OF HER NOW!

NOW 'SCUSE ME  
WHILE I PICK  
MY NOSE OFF-  
PANEL-LIKE.

OH? I'M GONNA  
WATCH YOU WHILE  
THEY'RE TURNING  
THE PAGE...



WE TASTEFULLY TURN OUR ATTENTION TO THE OTHER X-PRIESTS WHO CATCH SISTER PHOENIX TAKING A SHOWER...

\$ SINGING  
IN THE RAIN...  
JUST  
SINGING IN  
THE RAIN... \$

ISN'T SISTER PHOENIX  
LOVELY? HER WET, LEAN  
BODY, AND BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN-THINGS BLOWING  
IN THE WIND...

YEAH... A SHAME THE REV.  
WANTS US TO OFF HER!

OH  
WELL...

...GUESS I'LL CHUCK SOMETHING  
**BIG AND USELESS** AT HER LIKE  
BROTHER SUPERM...ER...  
**COLOSSUS!**

GEE, BROTHER  
WOLVERINE... YOUR  
HANDS ARE COLD!

TAKE HER HEAD OFF IN THE NAME  
OF DIVINE LOVE! BOY THIS IS  
ALMOST AS MUCH FUN AS THE  
SPANISH INQUISITION!

COME  
TO THINK  
OF IT...

HEY, BROTHER COLOSSUS,  
WHAT SAY WE HAVE A GOOD  
OLD-FASHIONED **WITCH-  
BURNING** WHEN WE'RE  
ALL THROUGH?

SURE... WE COULD TOAST  
MARSHMALLOWS, AND HAVE  
A CHANT-ALONG AROUND  
THE FIRE!

ISN'T IT GREAT TO BE  
MINDLESSLY  
ENTHRALLED IN  
A CULT?

NOTHING  
PERSONAL, SISTER,  
BUT YOU'RE ABOUT  
TO BECOME TOAST!

UNNNNGH!



I... I DON'T GET IT...  
WHAT HAPPENED TO THE  
SKINNY PRIEST WITH THE  
BIBLE? YOU'RE SUPPOSED  
TO BE AFRAID OF  
ME! BOO! SCAT!  
G'WAY!

YOU DON'T  
WANNA SEE  
THE PEA SOUP  
ACT, DO  
YOU?



LOOK, PAL, I'M NOT  
RESPONSIBLE FOR MY  
ACTIONS! THE DEVIL  
MAKES ME DO IT! WHAT  
DO I HAVE TO DO TO  
GET YOU TO LEAVE  
ME ALONE...

... MAKE MY  
HEAD SPIN  
AROUND AND  
AROUND?



IS THAT SO  
BAD? AM I SO  
CRUDE? IS ANYONE  
LISTENING? WHO'S  
THE MAYOR OF  
BURBANK? HOW  
MANY RELIGIOUS  
FANATICS DOES  
IT TAKE TO  
SCREW UP AN  
AIRPORT?

HUH?  
WELL?

SHUT  
UP!



WE'RE GONNA  
ROAST YOU,  
BABY!

NOBODY LEAVES THE CULT, YOU KNOW  
THAT! BROTHER COLOSSUS, WAIT HERE...  
I MUST HANDLE THIS ALONE...

YOU'LL NEVER  
TAKE ME  
ALIVE!

I'M GONNA  
GIVE YOU SUCH  
A SUNBURN...



...YES,  
ALONE...

...LISTEN,  
YOU DOIN'  
ANYTHING  
SATURDAY  
NIGHT? I  
GOT THE  
REV.'S  
MERCEDES  
AND--



OH NO  
YOU DON'T!

WHAT...WHAT  
DID YOU DO...?

I'VE ENCASED  
YOU IN A WEB  
OF TAPIOCA  
PUDDING!

WHAT THE HECK  
...I'M THE  
DEVIL. I  
CAN DO ANY-  
THING!



CAN'T YOU  
SEE THAT I  
DON'T WANNA  
BE CRAZY, LIKE  
YOU, ANYMORE?  
THE DEVIL HAS  
MADE ME SEE!

EVIL IS  
THE WAY!  
LYING,  
CHEATING,  
STEALING...  
ALL FUN  
STUFF. SIN  
IS IN,  
BEING  
GOOD IS  
FOR THE  
BIRDS.





WELL, NO MORE  
MS. NICE GUY;  
I'M REALLY  
TICKED,  
HERE!

I'M GONNA PUT YOU THROUGH HELL, "BROTHER",  
I'M GONNA BOIL YOUR BLOOD AN' BREAK YOUR  
BONES AN' POKE OUT YOUR EYES AN' PULL OFF  
YOUR TOES AN' PEEL YOUR SKIN OFF...

...AND THEN  
I'M REALLY  
GONNA GET  
NASTY!

WHAT SISTER  
PHOENIX DOESN'T  
SEE IS THE GIANT  
RAY GUN BEHIND  
HER, OF COURSE,  
IT IS RATHER  
LARGE, AND HARD  
TO MISS-- IN FACT  
RAY CHARLES  
COULD SEE IT--  
BUT WE'RE SUP-  
POSED TO KEEP  
YOU LITTLE PIN-  
HEADS IN  
**SUSPENSE.**



I'D TELL YOU  
TO SAY YOUR  
PRAYERS,  
BROTHER  
CYCLOPS...

...BUT HE  
TENDS TO  
GET UPSET  
WHEN I MAKE  
A FUNNY.

SISTER PHOENIX,  
I'VE GOT A **SURPRISE**  
FOR YOU.



OH GOODY! WHAT  
IS IT?

A  
**PLOT-  
TWIST!**



HUH? OH NO! I JUST  
DID MY HAIR!

OH WELL... I'VE  
BYE LIFE! FAREWELL  
HAPPINESS... HELLO  
LONELINESS... I  
THINK I'M GONNA  
DIE... ♪

SO LONG,  
**SAP!**



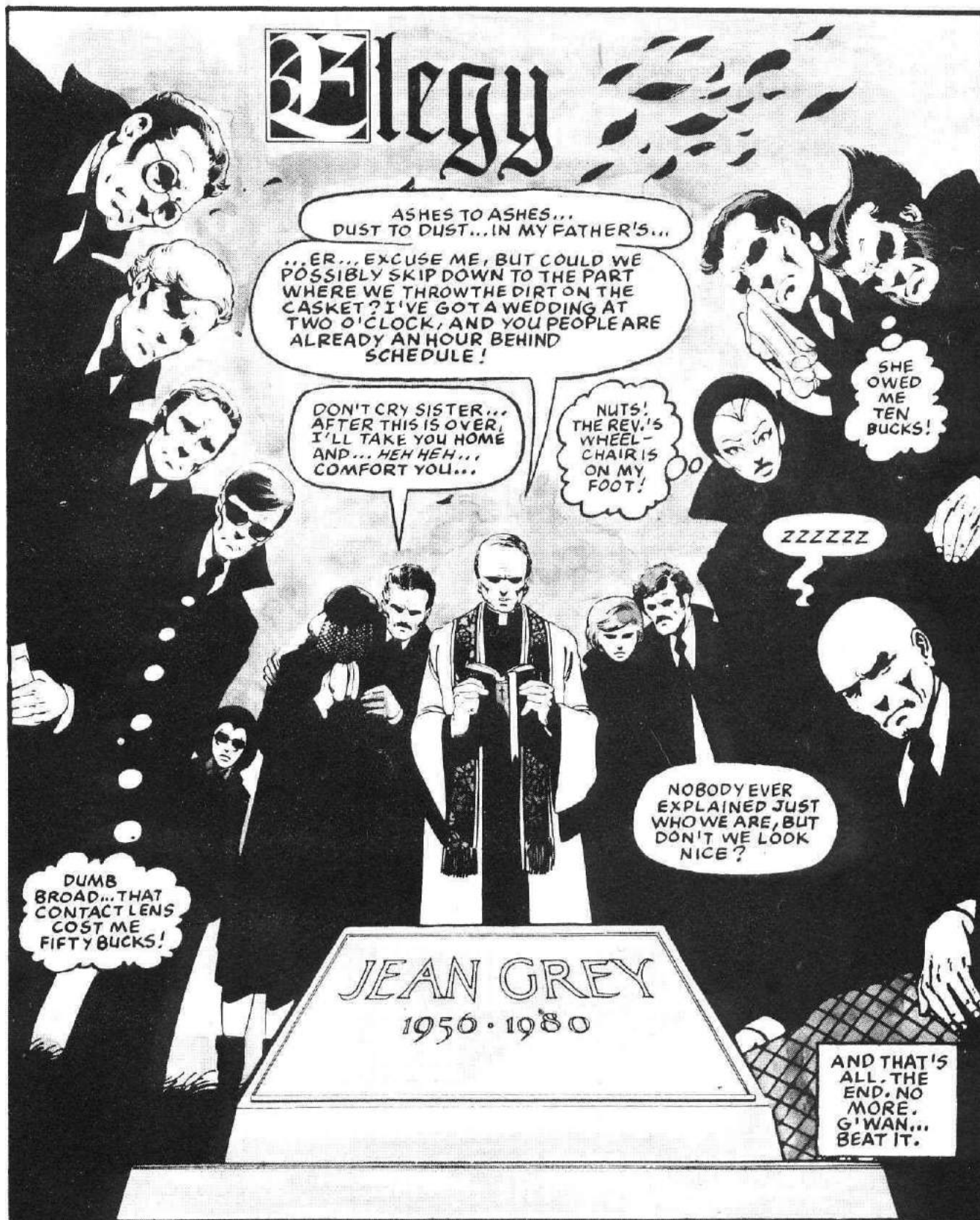
THE REV. NEVER LOSES.



REALLY MADE AN **ASH** OF  
YOURSELF, HUH, SISTER PHOE-  
NIX? GEEZ, YA MADE ME  
DROP ONE OF MY **CONTACTS!**  
NOW WHERE IS IT...?



I **KNOW** IT'S AROUND HERE  
SOMEWHERE. NUTS, THOSE  
THINGS ARE SUCH A  
**NUISANCE...**



If you've enjoyed this story and want to be a part of Reverend Maharishi-X's fast-growing ministry, send a pledge of \$50 to:

**Reverend Maharishi-X**

**Box 666**

**Rawapunta, Mecca**





You know how NERVE-WRACKING it can BE to hear YELLING in the house! Well, IMAGINE a family who ARGUES and SCREAMS ALL THE TIME! After being exposed to all that constant BICKERING and SHOUTING AROUND, guess what you'd be SURE TO GET! You'd get...

# THE JITTERSONS

Writer: Murad Gumen

Artist: Kent Gamble

YEEE-OOWW!!  
Gouge, what  
the **dickens**  
do you  
think you're  
doing?

Calm down,  
Wheezy! Just  
testing out a  
new **iron** for my  
cleaning stores!  
*Hah-hah-hah-hah!*

I say, Mrs.  
J...! Would  
I be **impos-**  
**ing** if I asked to  
borrow...

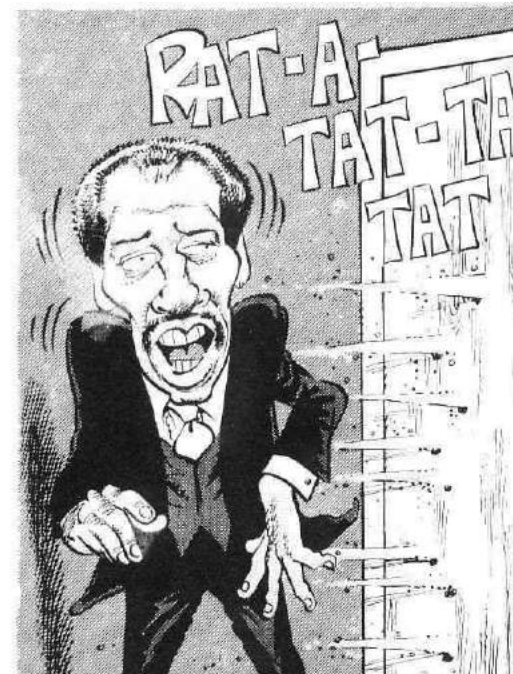
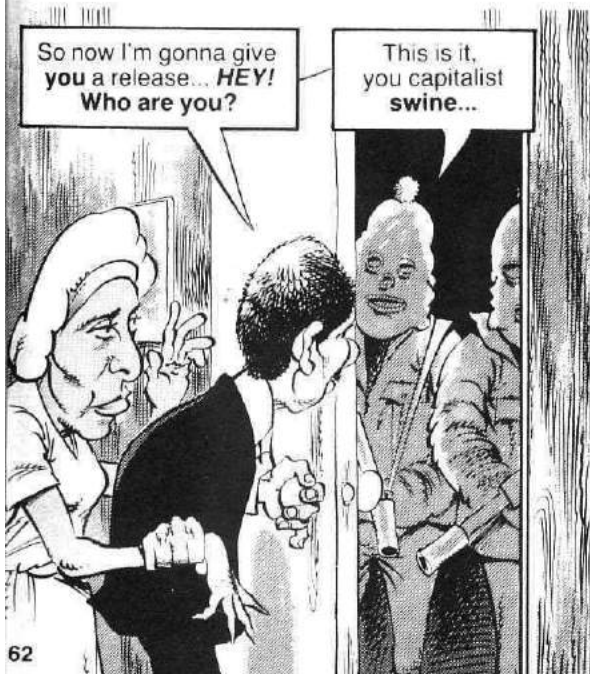
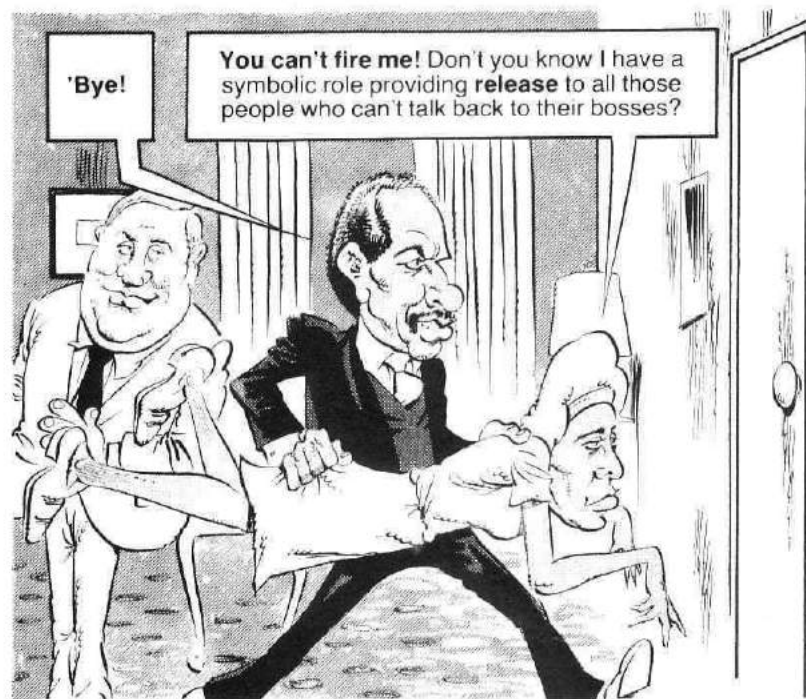
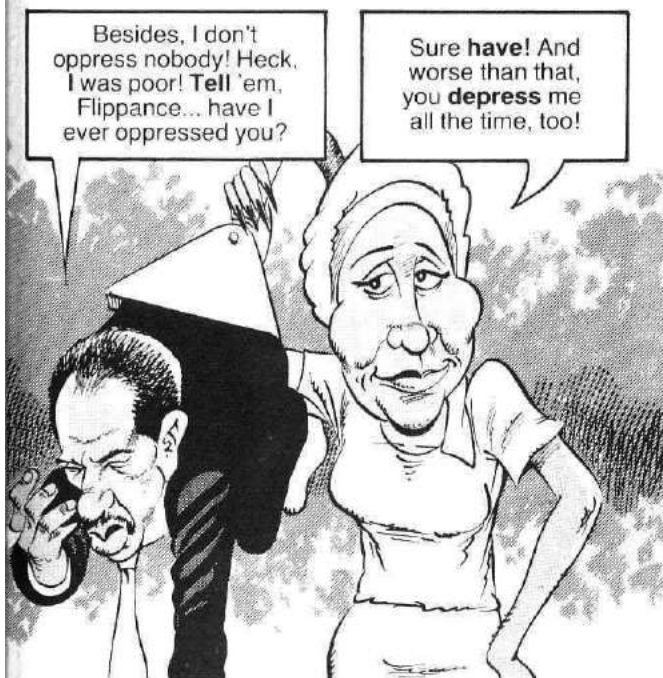
Oh **my!** Chile, can't you think of any  
**other** excuse to come here other than  
to **borrow** something? What would you  
like to borrow now, more **sugar?**

No,  
fifty  
thou-  
sand  
dol-  
lars!



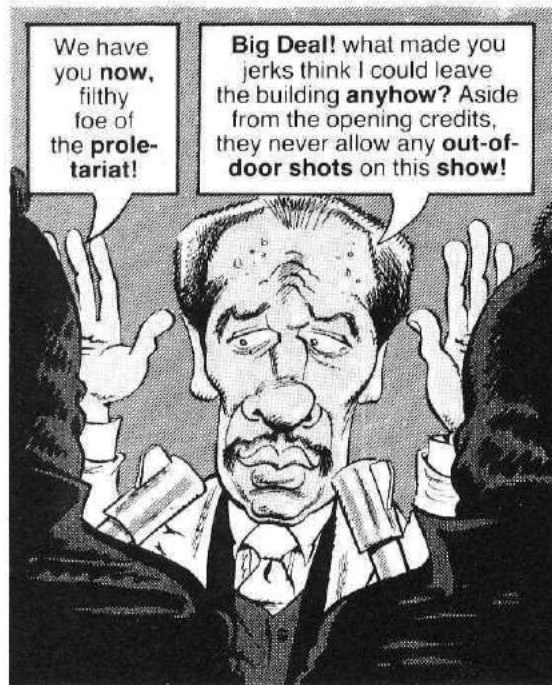
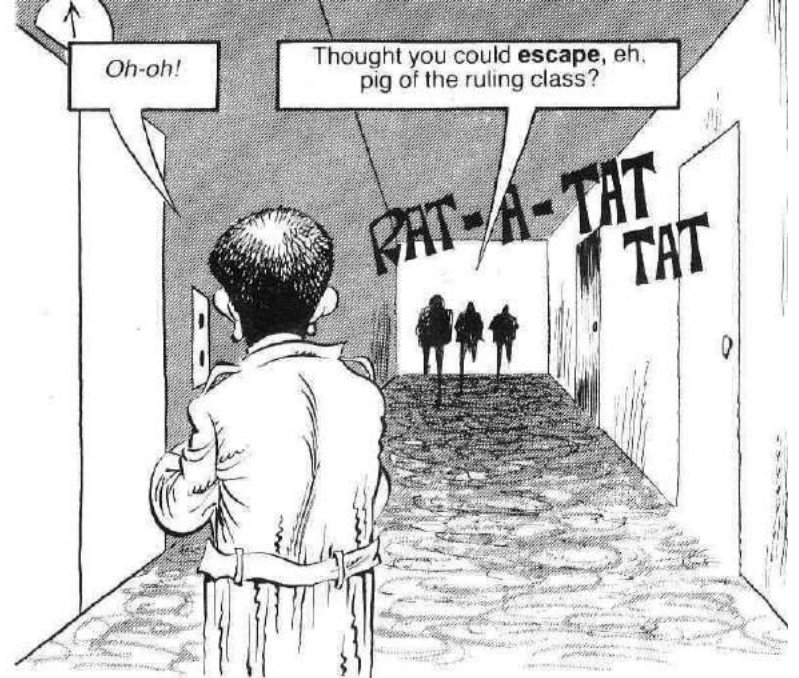












Do you have an uncontrollable urge for power? Would you like to transform all your enemies into toads, have the prettiest, most popular girl in your whole school fall madly in love with you, strike your parents mute whenever they start to bawl you out and tell you to clean up your room? Well then, we've got the game for you! It's called...

# DOCTOR STRANGE'S HAUNTED PATHWAYS

## THE GAME OF MYSTIC MINDROT

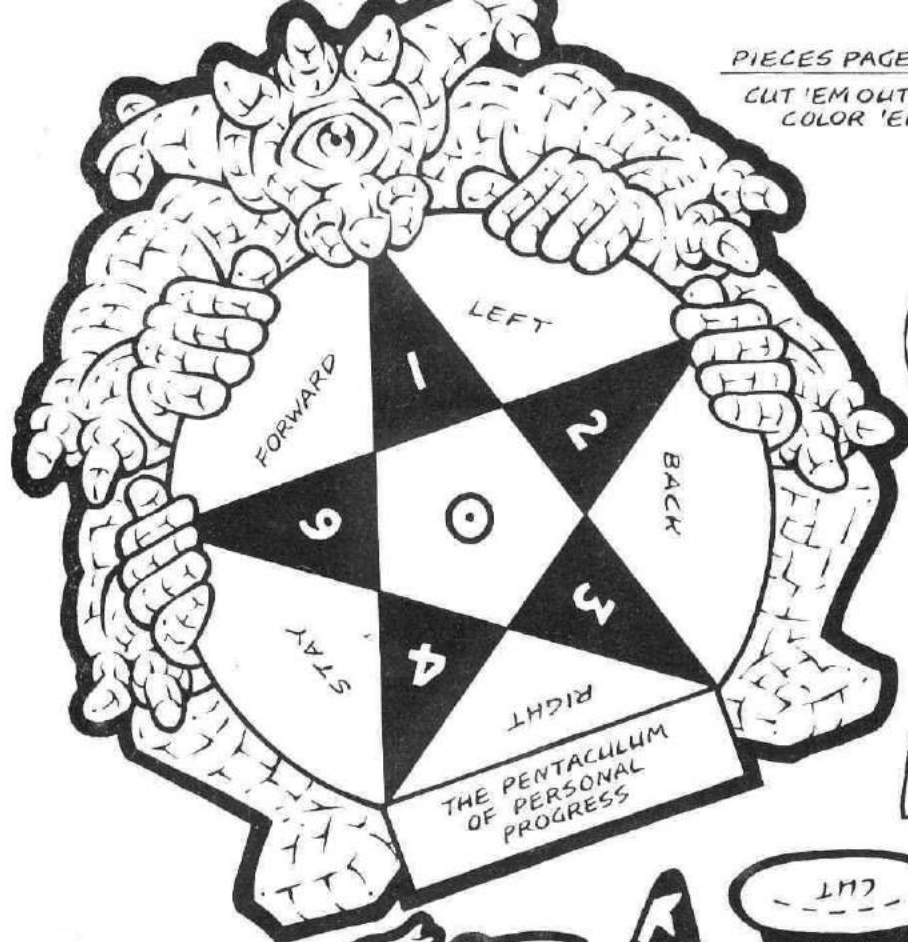
Writer: Steve Skeates

Artist: Steve Mellor

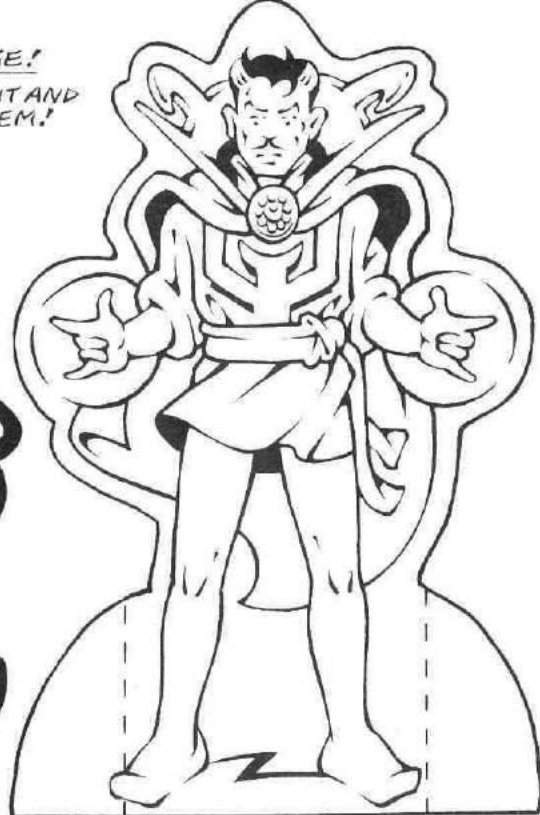


A complicated game for two to four players (or more, if you don't mind constructing a few doo-dads all by your loathesome)!

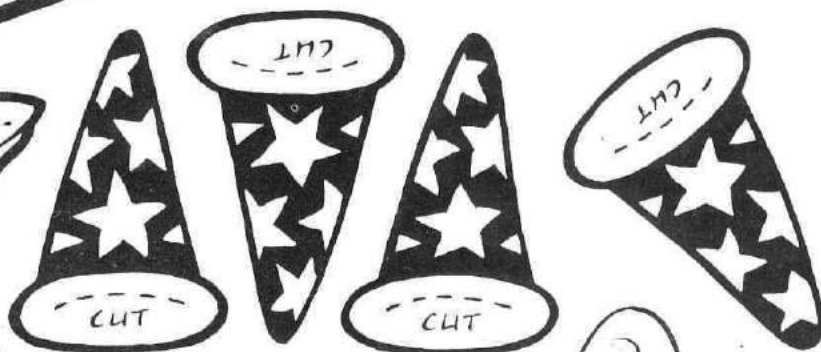




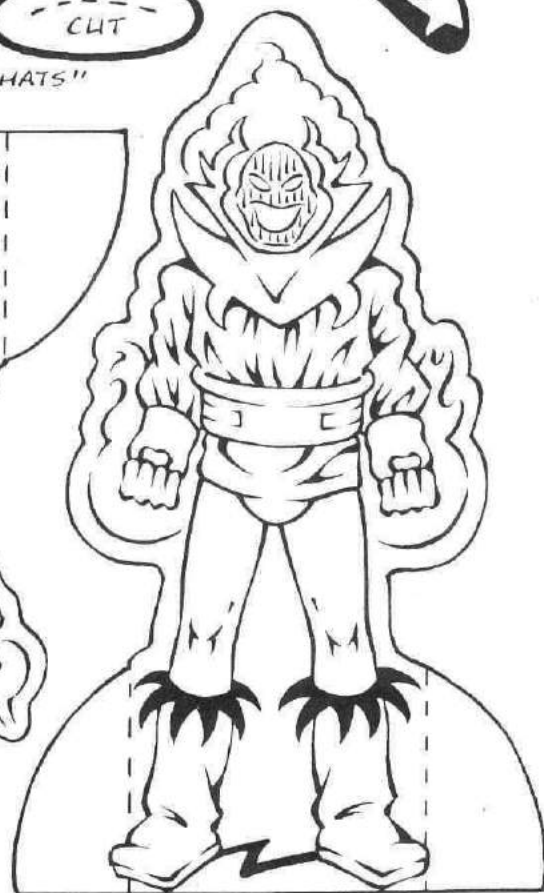
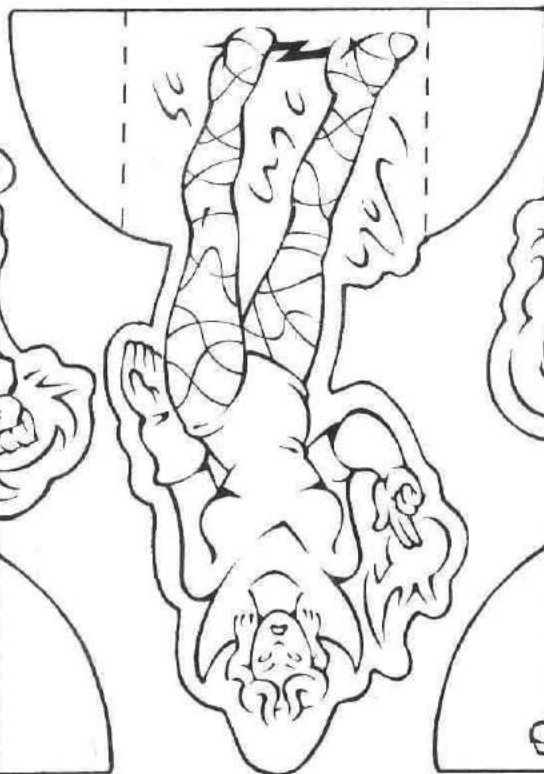
PIECES PAGE!  
CUT 'EM OUT AND  
COLOR 'EM!



"THE PSYCHIC  
POINTER"

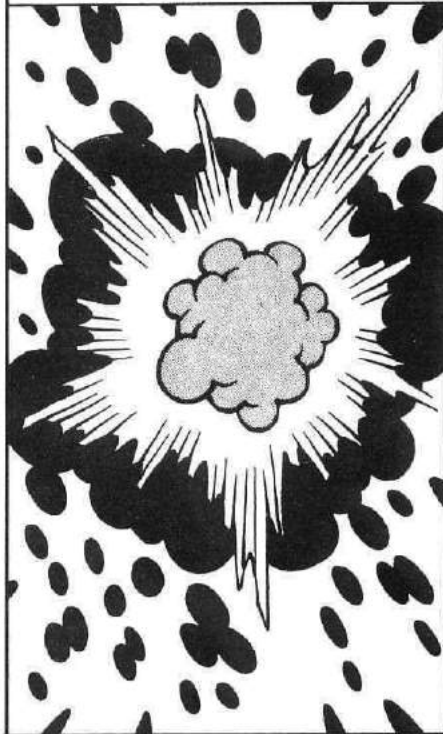


"THE PHUNNI HATS"



"THE MYSTIC MARKERS OF MORGLIMLA"

A SUDDEN AND BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT, OF INSPIRATION, OF ELDRITCH ENERGY SEND US REELING BACK, COVERING OUR EYES AS EACH AND EVERY ONE OF OUR BODILY APERTURES PUCKERS WITH IF NOT FEAR THEN AT LEAST SURPRISE...



THEN, THE RESULTANT SMOKE, THE WHIFFS OF MIST, CONGEAL INTO THE RIGHTEOUS FIGURE OF A CAPE-MANTLED MAN...

GREETINGS, ALL YOU EARTHBOUND NIMRODS, LOCKED AS YOU ARE INTO YOUR RATHER PITIFUL MUNDANE SPHERE OF EXISTENCE...

WOULDN'T YOU ALL LIKE TO BECOME A SORCERER SUPREME JUST LIKE I AM? SURE YOU WOULD... AND NOW YOU CAN...



AND ALL YOU NEED IS SOME SCISSORS, SOME GLUE OR PASTE, SOME CARDBOARD, THREE COINS AND A LOT OF DILIGENCE...

...BECAUSE, BESIDES BEING A WHOLE LOT OF WONDERFUL FUN, THIS GAME IS ALSO INSTRUCTIVE; IT'LL SHOW YOU JUST HOW TO GO ABOUT BECOMING A MASTER OF MYSTIC ARTS!



AH, NOW YOU'RE INTERESTED, AREN'T YOU? AT FIRST YOU THOUGHT THIS WAS GOING TO BE JUST ANOTHER SILLY GAME LIKE MALLOPOLY AND RULE THE SCHOOL! YOU DIDN'T REALIZE THAT THROUGH THIS PLEASANT PAST-TIME YOU'D BE ABLE TO GATHER UNTO YOURSELF NEARLY LIMITLESS POWER...

AND POWER'S REALLY WHAT YOU WANT, ISN'T IT, YOU INEFFECTUAL LITTLE SOCIAL MISFITS YOU?



SO, FIRST OF ALL, DETACH THE PREVIOUS PAGE FROM THIS MAGAZINE, PASTE IT ONTO A THIN PIECE OF CARDBOARD, THEN YOU CAN GET ABOUT CUTTING OUT ALL THE MARKERS AND SPINNERS AND STUFF LIKE THAT!

THEN, YOU CAN PUT YOUR PASTE AND YOUR CARDBOARD AWAY...



...BECAUSE, FROM NOW ON, ALL YOU'RE GOING TO NEED IS YOUR SCINTILLATING SCISSORS SO'S YOU CAN CUT OUT DATA SHEETS AND AN ENTIRE MESS OF MYSTICAL CARDS...

AND YOU WON'T EVEN NEED YOUR SCISSORS WHEN IT COMES TO DETACHING THE INSIDE FRONT AND BACK COVERS IN ORDER TO MAKE YOUR GAME BOARD! SO GO TO IT!





# PSYCHOLOGICAL DEVELOPMENT DATA SHEETS

Directly below we have kindly provided you with four data sheets which you can make excellent use of the first time you play this game. After that, you're gonna hafta construct your own data sheets. So, don't throw all of these away once you've used them; keep at least one of 'em around to use as a model.

Psycho Ward A:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Psycho Ward B:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Additional Information:

drug therapy ☐

shock therapy ☐

lobotomy ☐

Psycho Ward A:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Psycho Ward B:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Additional Information:

drug therapy ☐

shock therapy ☐

lobotomy ☐

Psycho Ward A:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Psycho Ward B:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Additional Information:

drug therapy ☐

shock therapy ☐

lobotomy ☐

Psycho Ward A:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

Psycho Ward B:

initial visit ☐

second visit ☐

third visit ☐

permanent residency ☐

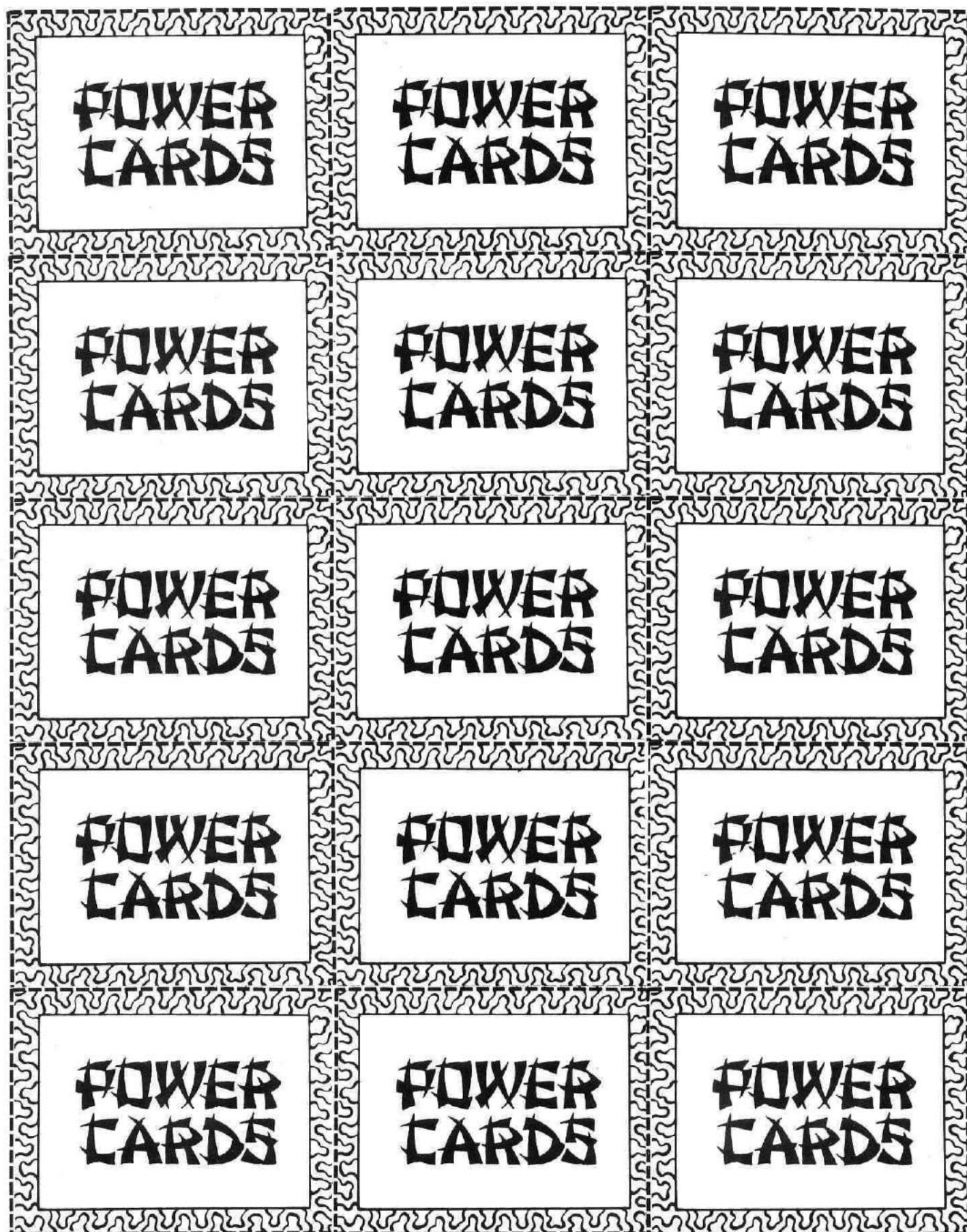
Additional Information:

drug therapy ☐

shock therapy ☐

lobotomy ☐

These are your Power Cards. They don't look very interesting, do they? But c'mon now, be fair— wait until you've seen the other sides of the cards before you decide if they're interesting or not— okay?



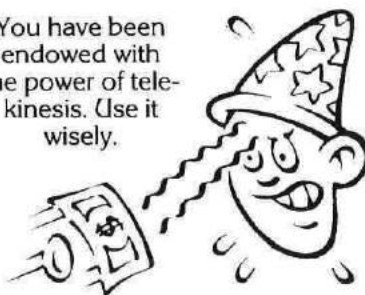




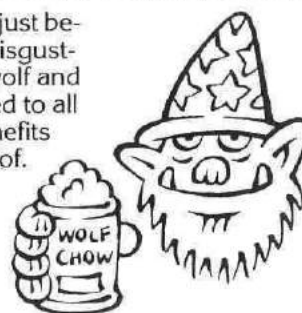
You have just become a registered warlock and are entitled to all the benefits thereof.



You have been endowed with the power of telekinesis. Use it wisely.



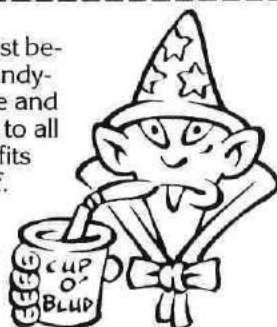
You have just become a disgusting werewolf and are entitled to all the benefits thereof.



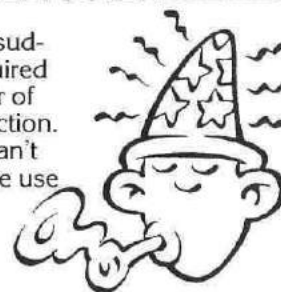
You have been endowed with the power of levitation. Use it sparingly.



You have just become an undying vampire and are entitled to all the benefits thereof.



You have suddenly acquired the power of astral projection. Bet you can't wait to make use of it.



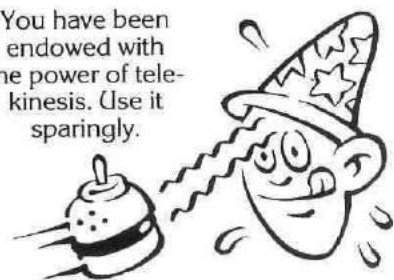
You now know the secret of the universe. But keep it to yourself, okay?



You have just become a disgusting warlock and are entitled to all the benefits thereof.



You have been endowed with the power of telekinesis. Use it sparingly.



You have just become a registered werewolf and are entitled to all the benefits thereof.



You have been endowed with the power of levitation. Bet you can't wait to make use of it.



You have become a purple vampire and are entitled to all the benefits thereof.



You have suddenly acquired the power of astral projection. Use it to the best of your ability.



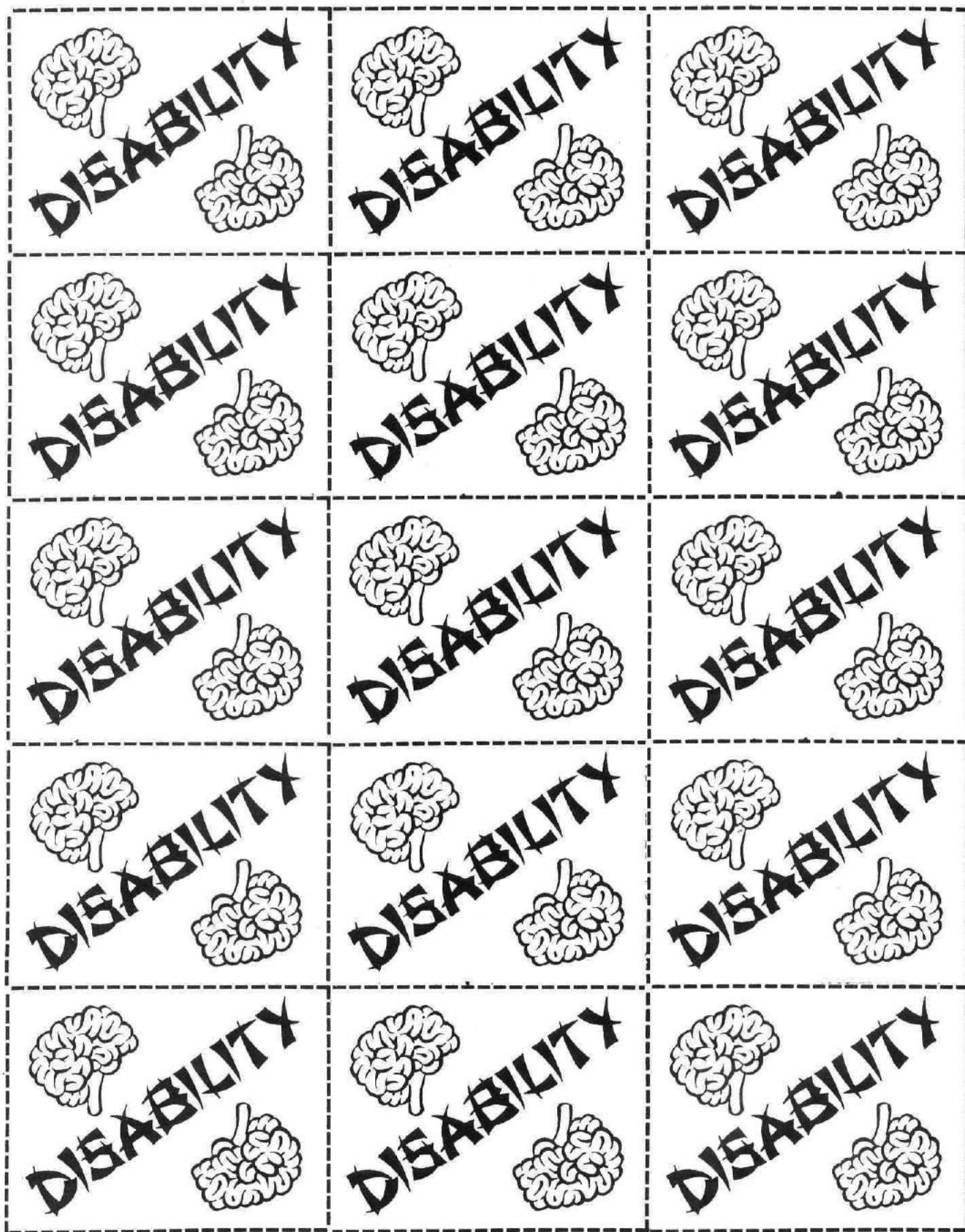
You have been endowed with a green thumb. Ain't much of a power, but don't knock it.



You have been endowed with the power of prestidigitation. Big deal! Who cares?



And what do we have here? Why, it's another batch of boring cards! What did you think they were— bookmarks? C'mon, get with the program, willya kid?







You have been cursed with festering boils! Yuck, but you're disgusting!



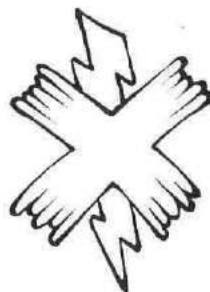
You have suddenly become a hemophiliac.



You are now given to vicious head colds.



You lose one power. Place one of your power cards on the bottom of the deck. If you don't have any powers yet, you lucked out.



You have been cursed with post-nasal drip.



Your mind is no longer clear because you are now obsessed with getting good grades.



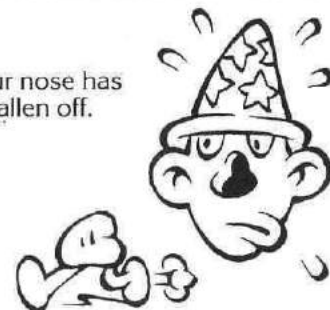
You have become allergic to dairy products.



Your mind is no longer clear because you are now obsessed with revenge.



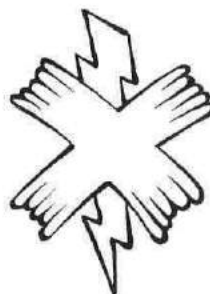
Your nose has fallen off.



You have become too fat to hide behind trees.



You lose one power. Place one of your power cards on the bottom of the deck. If you don't have any powers yet, you lucked out.



Your life has suddenly become meaningless.



Your mind is no longer clear because you are now obsessed with external beauty.



You have developed a taste for anchovies.



You have been cursed with a terrible sense of humor.



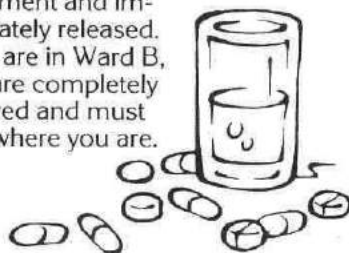
Yes, yes, we realize there's really no need for us to add these silly introductions to the tops of these pages of card-stacks. However, the author of this piece knows that the editor has a reluctance to pay for pages that don't have at least a few words on them...







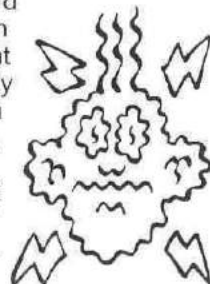
If you are in Ward A, you are given drug treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward B, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



You escape from the Psycho Ward. Proceed immediately to Panel 7, and put your hat back on.



If you are in Ward A, you are given shock treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward B, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



You have been babbling incoherently for a week, so you'd better just stay right where you are.



If you are in Ward A, you are given a lobotomy and immediately released. If you are in Ward B, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



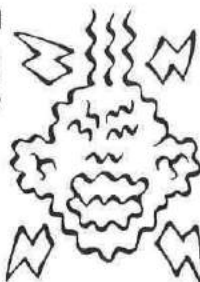
You have had a flash of inspiration, but nobody will listen to you. So, stay right where you are.



If you are in Ward B, you are given drug treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward A, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



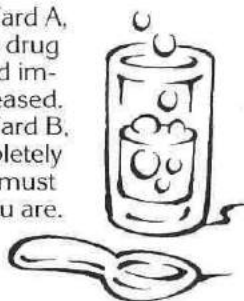
If you are in Ward B, you are given shock treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward A, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



If you are in Ward A, you are given drug treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward B, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



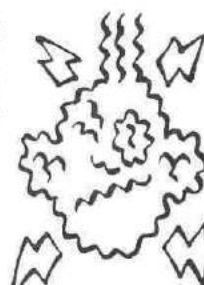
If you are in Ward A, you are given drug treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward B, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



If you are in Ward A, you are given shock treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward B, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



If you are in Ward B, you are given shock treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward A, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



If you are in Ward B, you are given drug treatment and immediately released. If you are in Ward A, you are completely ignored and must stay where you are.



If you are in Ward A, you are given a lobotomy and released immediately. If Ward B you are in, completely are you ignored and stay where you are you must.



If you are in Ward A, you are given a lobotomy and released immediately. If Ward B you are in, completely are you ignored and stay where you are you must.



The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog. The quick brown fox jumps over the lazy dog. Ah, yes, my typewriter is working just fine. Isn't that nice, though? Doo dah doo dah...

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

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PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

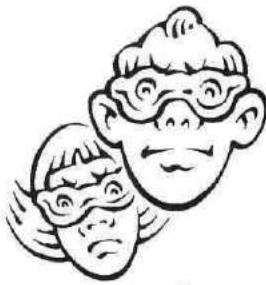
**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**

**ASTRAL  
PLAYIN'  
CARDS**





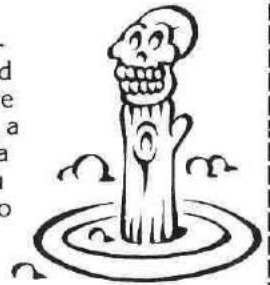
Your parents have found you out. Proceed immediately to the Psycho Ward of your choice.



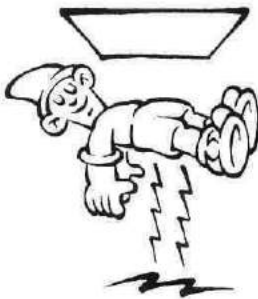
You suddenly discover you can astrally project yourself up into the next plane: if you possess that power, proceed to Panel 10.



You have entered a cursed area: if you are not a warlock, a werewolf, or a vampire, you must return to Start.



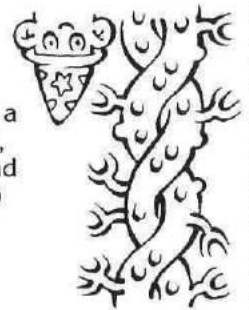
You suddenly discover you can levitate yourself up into the next plane: if you possess that power, proceed to Panel 10.



A heavy wind: your hat blows off. Back to Start you must go.



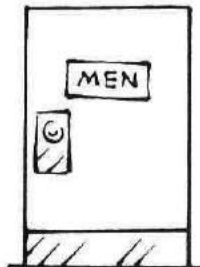
If you possess a green thumb, grow a vine and climb it up to Panel 10.



An unusual curse reaches up from below: anyone with boils, post-nasal drip or a green thumb must now return to Start.



A mystic doorway appears before you. Unless you are too fat to hide behind trees, you may pass through and proceed to Panel 10.



You have come up against a force field: unless you know the secret of the universe, you must return to Start.



If you are a warlock, a werewolf, a vampire, or a telekinetic, this is your lucky moment: proceed immediately to panel 10.



A solid wall is in your way: unless you possess telekinesis, levitation or astral projection, you must return to Start.



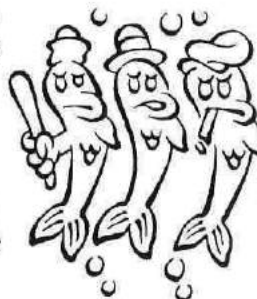
A secret route can now be sniffed out. If you have a nose, you may proceed to Panel 10.



Things have suddenly gotten quite heavy: if your mind isn't perfectly clear, you must return to Start.



A wall of salty little fishes lies in your way: unless you have developed a taste for anchovies, you must return to Start.



An evil magician stands in your way: if you possess the power of prestidigitation, impress the heck out of him and proceed to Panel 10.





## INSTRUCTIONS FOR BEGINNING

Once you have constructed your spinner (by shoving a pin through the center of the PSYCHIC POINTER as well as the center of the PENTACULUM OF PERSONAL PROGRESS in such a way that the POINTER spins around atop the PENTACULUM), you are ready to play the game.

All players are to place their MYSTIC MARKERS OF MORGLIMLA upon the "Start" panel. Then, proceeding around the board in a clockwise manner, each player in turn spins the spinner in order to find out in which direction he is now supposed to move his marker, moving only one space in that indicated direction (right, left, forward, or back; ignore the numbers—these are for use later in the game).

If the pointer points to "Stay", you, of course, don't get to move at all this time around. In addition, if there is no panel in the direction in which you are supposed to move, you also have to stay where you are. For example, if you are at "Start" and the pointer points to "Back", you do not get to move. Or, if you are at "Space 2" and the pointer points to "Left," you cannot move. This rule is also designed to teach you patience. However, when and if you land upon a numbered panel, you must follow the specific directions for that panel, as found upon one of the following two pages...

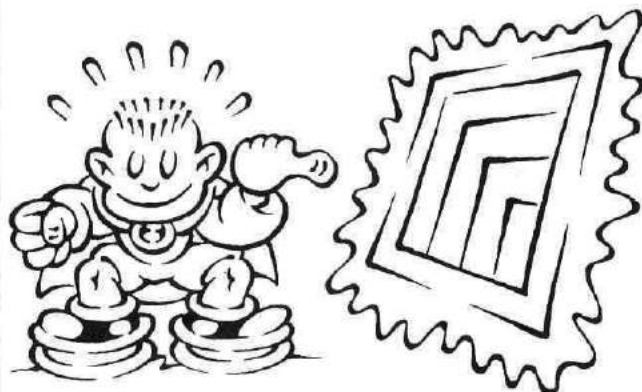




You find a shiny stone and decide to keep it. And that means it's time to play Three-Coin Monty (also known as the Simplified I Ching): Toss the three coins. If they come up all heads, that means the stone is good and you should pick a Power Card. If they come up all tails, that means the stone is evil and you should pick a Disability Card. Anything else and you don't git to pick nuthin'!



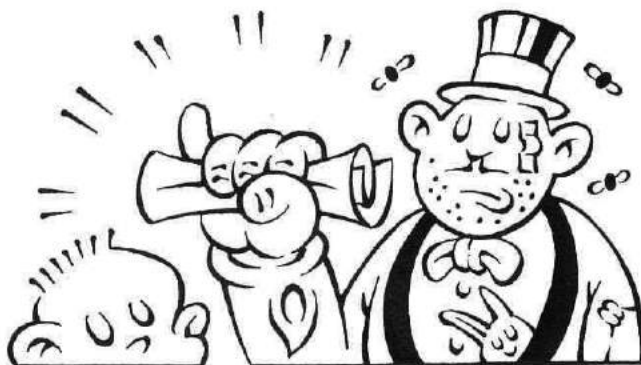
You run into an authority figure (parent, policeman, or teacher) who asks you what you've been up to lately. If you haven't as of yet visited either of the astral planes, you have nothing to worry about. However, if you've been up there, knowing you, you'll tell said authority figure all about it, which of course means you are immediately sent to the booby-hatch (which in this game is known as the Psycho Ward).



You have chanced upon the mystic doorway which leads from the boring mundane plane upon which you have been stuck most of your life to the first of the far more enlightening and rewarding astral planes. You're on your way now, kiddo, and your first order of business is to proceed directly to Panel Six.



You run into another authority figure (whichever one you didn't run into the last time, if, that is, there was a last time). Once again, if you have been to either of the upper planes, you will feel compelled to tell this person all about it, and you will thus be immediately carted off to the booby-hatch. You just can't keep your big mouth shut, can you?



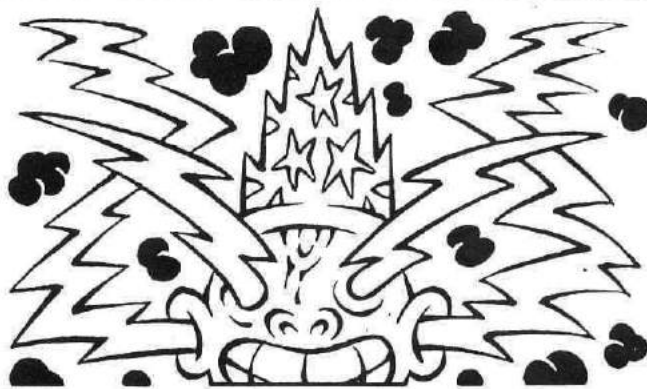
A passing magician hands you a mystic scroll which looks more like a used candybar wrapper than anything else. You decide to hold onto it anyway, which of course means it's time again to play Three-Coin Monty (see the explanation for Panel Two for complete instructions as to how to play this diverting past-time, but this time substitute the word "scroll" whenever the word "stone" shows up).



Welcome to the first astral plane, the ring of fire, the Realm of the Wordless Word, and all that sort of malarky. From here on up, when you use the Pentaculum, ignore the words (you've gone beyond that) and concentrate upon the numbers, moving forward (in the direction indicated) that number of panels which your Psychic Pointer ends up pointing to once you've spun the spinner. You may also put on a hat; however, when and if you sink back down onto the mundane plane, you must take the hat back off.



You are having a mystic experience, but what did you expect up here on the astral plane? Re-runs of the "Lucy Show"? All of which means it's time for you to pick an Astral Playin' Card. However, unlike the Power and Disability Cards, you don't get to keep these babies. So, once you've read the card and done what it says to do, please place said card back on the bottom of the proper deck.



Uh-oh! Another mystic experience! So pick another card already!



Welcome to the second astral plane, the Ring of Light, the Pentultimate Pathway, the Circle of Seeing the Mountain Again. Even though you now realize that time has no meaning and numbers are mere tools which are used to excess by lesser beings than yourself, you have decided to be a nice guy, to play the game and follow the rules. So, spin the spinner, follow the numbers, and laugh as loudly when you lose as when you win.



Wait a minute! Wait a minute! What the heck are you—yes, *you*—doing up here, upon this, the second astral plane? Thought you could sneak by, didn't you? But you're too success-orientated! Too competitive! You really want to win this game, don't you? See? See what we mean? You're missing the whole point! You don't belong here anymore than Richard Nixon would! So, get out of here! Go back to "Start"! Try again if you wish, but this time try to develop the proper attitude, okay?



Well, you're almost there. You're only a few breaths away from ultimate enlightenment, a mere step removed from being not unlike a god. Now, all you have to do is throw the three coins three times, and if you get nine heads, you may proceed to Panel Thirteen which makes you far more than just the winner of this silly game. However, if you don't get nine heads, you've really blown your big chance and must return to Panel Seven.



No mere words can explain what ultimate enlightenment is all about. But you know that already, don't you? After all, you're there. You've made it. And, undoubtedly, you can feel limitless power coursing throughout your body. Why, now you could even send, say, a couch to Alpha Centauri merely by using your mind. Such is your power. The only question is: why would you want to? I mean, now that you've got the power, why waste it on doing dumb stuff like that?



## ADDITIONAL DIRECTIONS

When and if you are sent to the Psycho Ward, you may choose which of the two Pscho Wards you wish to be sent to— Psycho Ward A (also known as the Psycho Ward at Bethesda Hospital) or Psycho Ward B (also known as the Psycho Ward at St. James Infirmary). From then on until you are told to leave, when your turn comes around, instead of spinning the spinner, you must pick a card from the “Treatment” deck, do as it says, then put the card back on the bottom of the deck.

Do not forget to mark the proper check points on your Psychological Data sheet. If you have already been through the treatment indicated on the Treatment Card you pick, ignore that card, the whole card. If you are told to leave the Psycho Ward, proceed immediately to “Start”. But remember— if you are sent to either of the two wards a fourth time, you automatically become a permanent resident therein and cannot leave.

Either the first person to reach Panel Thirteen (“Total Enlightenment”) or the only person left who hasn’t yet become a permanent resident of a Psycho Ward, whichever comes first, is the winner of the game. Have fun.



MICHAEL CARLIN'S

IT'S D'SGUSTING.  
IT'S D'LAPIDATED.  
IT'S D'PITS.

SINCE  
1981

# PAGE O' STUFF.

YAK LALANE

MY EDITOR  
TELLS ME MY  
PAGE IS GETTING  
A LITTLE BORING!  
BORING??! I'LL  
SHOW 'EM BORING!...

BREATH IN.  
HOLD IT.  
BREATHE OUT.

THE NEARLY AMAZING ADVENTURES OF:  
**EVERYDAYMAN!!**

HELP!

HARK! A  
BLOOD-CURLING  
CRY FOR HELP.

WHAT'S WRONG MA'AM?

A LONE SPACE-CRAFT IS  
LAUNCHED FROM THE  
PLANET KRIPTIC. IT HUR-  
TLES TOWARDS EARTH,  
AND, ALONG WITH ONE  
PASSENGER, IS DESTROYED WHEN IT  
FALLS INTO THE SUN. THIS EVENT, AND  
COUNTLESS OTHERS HAD NO EFFECT  
WHATSOEVER ON THE EPISODE CURRENT-  
LY UNFOLDING ON SAID PLANET EARTH.

THAT SCOUNDREL! ONE  
BLOCK AND I'VE LOST  
HIM ALREADY!

THAT MAN  
STOLE MY PURSE.

THIS LOOKS LIKE A JOB  
FOR...  
**ME!**

KISS  
ME, YOU  
FOOL!

I KNOW...  
I'LL UTILIZE  
ONE OF MY  
FIVE SENSES.

AHA! AND  
EUREKATOO!

I'VE SPOTTED  
HIM WITH MY  
PERIPHERAL  
VISION.

HEY, BRING THAT BACK.

NO.

BOOOOOWOO!

MY SIDE'S  
HURTIN'  
FROM ALL  
THIS RUNNIN'...

...AND HE REALLY IS TOO FAR  
AWAY.

AAAHH.  
LET THE  
OLD BROAD  
GET HER  
OWN PURSE.  
TRULY AN EVERYDAY MAN!

DISCOUNTS

WON'T THEY EVER  
STOP? WHAT THE HECK  
IS A DISCO UNT?

VIVE  
LE FOOP!

M. Carlin

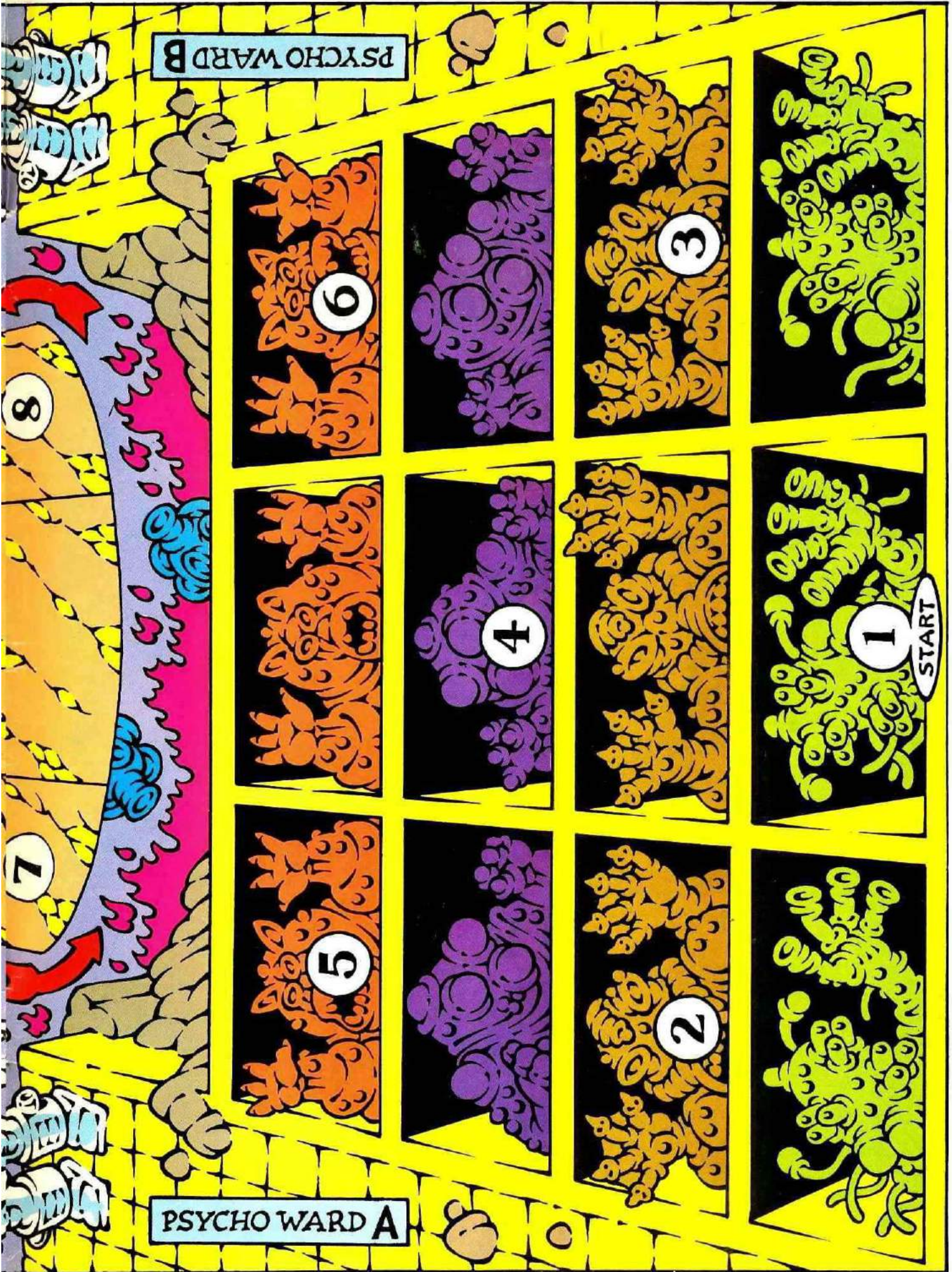


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